MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

We have often expressed regret that the keeping of sheep had fallen off so largely in this State, and indeed throughout New England, as compared with any period of our earlier history. Our farmers having got out of the way of it as a part of their system of farming, find it hard to get into it again, and the consequence is that our pastures have had to carry dairy cows almost from time immemorial, till they have deteriorated in value, and, in many cases, become overrun with bushes to such an extent that they carry less stock than they formerly did, and are consequently less profitable than they formerly were.

Now it is universally admitted by the most judicious and experienced farmers, that sheep will improve such pastures as have long been fed by dairy stock, that is, that a change of stock is desirable, and this is undoubtedly the case, as a general rule. Sheep husbandry, therefore, is worthy of consideration as a means of increasing the permanent fertility of land if for no other reason. Sheep have been appropriately called animals of the "golden hoof," and we are surprised that New England farmers do not try to keep them to a greater extent, as a temporary expedient, if not as a permanent part of their farm operations.

As an evidence that sheep husbandry is regarded as an essential feature in any system of high and successful farming, we may point to England, whose agriculture is worthy of the most careful study as a model of progress and advancement, as compared with most other countries of Europe. Take France, for instance, where the system of farming is quite the reverse of that of England, where small holdings prevail almost universally, and the comparison is very striking and suggestive.

It is true the aggregate number of sheep in England and France is very nearly equal, each country having just about 35,000,000. But when we look at the difference in the extent of the two countries, and the difference in the quality of the sheep, the great superiority of England is very striking. The 35,000,000 of sheep in the United Kingdom are kept on less than 70,000,000 of acres, while about the same number in France are kept on about 120,000,000 of acres, a vast difference. Or if we should limit the comparison to England alone the difference is still more striking, for it will be found that England feeds three times as many sheep in proportion to area as France.

But the greatest and most striking difference is in the quality of the sheep. England has bred with reference to weight and early maturity to such an extent that the actual weight of an English sheep is fully twice as great as that of a French sheep, and an English farm of the same area produces just about six times as much mutton as a French one. And no intelligent and well informed man can fail to see the great superiority of English over French agriculture in other respects.

Now we say that one of the great secrets of this great superiority is the fact that sheep husbandry may be regarded as the great leading feature of the English system of farming, and that it furnishes a highly suggestive idea for the farmer in New England.

We think the keeping of sheep would be the means of improving our pastures at a less cost than any other, and that where such pastures have carried cows for the dairy from time out of mind, a change to sheep would effect a very marked and rapid improvement. Difficult as it is for most farmers at the present time to see their way clear to make the change to sheep, we have no doubt the time will come when the number of sheep in New England will be vastly greater than it is, and when in some way or other sheep husbandry will be made much more directly profitable than it is now, for, as we have said, it seems to beessential to any improved system of agriculture, and to constitute the leading feature of what may be called high farming. That we do not come up to this standard is clear from the number of sheep per one hundred acres of improved land kept in this country as ascertained by the last census, that of 1870, the number reported in the Territories being due to the extremely narrow limit of that can be called improved land. We give the proportion in the different States as follows:

Maine, 14.8; New Hampshire, 10.6; Vermont, 18.0; Massachusetts, 4.5; Rhode Island, 8.2; Connecticut, 5; New York, 16; New Jersey, 5; Pennsylvania, 15.5; Delaware, 12; Maryland, 4.4; Virginia, 4.5; North Carolina, 8.8; South Carolina, 4.1; Georgia, 6.1; Florida, 3.6; Alabama, 4.7; Mississippi, 5.5; Louisiana, 5.7; Texas, 24; Arkansas, 8.6; Tennessee, 12; West Virginia, 21.4; Kentucky, 11.5; Ohio, 34; Michigan, 28.9; Indiana, 15.9; Illinois, 8.1; Wisconsin, 18.1; Minnesota, 5.6; Iowa, 9.1; Missouri, 14.8; Kansas, 5.5; Nebraska, 3.5; California, 4.5; Oregon, 28.4; Nevada, 11.8; Colorado Territory, 126.5; Utah Territory, 2; New Mexico, 433.1; Washington Territory, 22.9; Dakota Territory, 4.4; Montana Territory, 2.3; Idaho Territory, 3.8; Arizona Territory, 5.5; Wyoming Territory, 1.89.

From this it will be seen that Massachusetts stands very low in the list, and that the number of sheep is far too small.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College held a quarterly meeting at the office of the Secretary of the Corporation, State House, on Thursday the 10th, at which each Music of the members of the board were present.

President Clark made a full and interesting statement of the condition and prosperity of the College. The Freshman class is one of the largest that has entered, and the present accommodations of the College appear to be all occupied. The farm has been more than usually prosperous this year, and it is rapidly getting into a satisfactory condition.

The proposition was made to the Trustees as coming from the President and Faculty, that the study of French be dropped from the regular course in order to give more time for other studies. We think this would be a great mistake. French and German are the only languages that are taught there. No time is devoted to Latin or Greek, and no preparation in them is required for admission, as is the case with the other colleges. For that reason, in part, we think it desirable to devote even more time than is now allotted to the study of French. It is a live language, spoken by a vast number of people, and has come to be regarded as essential to any liberal education. Besides, very much of the best scientific literature is to be found in French alone and is accessible only to one who has a respectable knowledge of that language. To take French and German out of the present course would cut off all the opportunity which the students there have, to learn any language except the English, and whether they wish to avail themselves of it or not, we think they ought not to be deprived of the facilities for doing so. We should rather see mental and moral philosophy dropped from the course than to see the modern languages omitted.

The whole course of studies will probably be considered, and possibly a little modified at the next meeting of the Trustees.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

We made a trip up over the Green Mountains last week, following up the Merrimac in New Hampshire, striking across to the Connecticut at White River Junction, and so on up the Vermont Central to St. Albans. We intended to take a look at some of the butter farms of Franklin county, but it came on to rain just as we got ready to start and so we returned through Burlington, Middlebury, Rutland and Bellows Falls.

The foliage of the forest trees has not been quite so fine this year as usual, but above Manchester, N. H., the trees were clothed in yellow and red and golden leaves, that made them very attractive. Two or three miles above Franklin, Webster Lake, one of the prettiest sheets of water in the granite State, where the great statesman for whom it is named, pulled many an oar and many a fish, was very beautiful in its gorgeous autumnal setting, and so all the way up the Vermont Central the mountain sides were very fine.

Vermont is a beautiful State and we never visit it without a desire to be the owner of a mountain farm. Mansfield mountain and the tops of many of the peaks of the Green Mountain range, were already covered with snow lying in great white masses above the golden and red of the forest trees that clothe their sides, and the effect of the contrast of colors was superb beyond description, as the clear autumn sun lighted up the landscape with its dazzling beauty.

We had not time as we intended, to inquire into the statistics of the St. Albans butter market and should be glad to have our correspondents in that quarter give that point a little attention. Many of our readers may not be aware that St. Albans is one of the largest dairy markets in the world. It would be interesting to show its position in that respect as compared with other great dairy centres. We hope the Vermont boys will learn to realize and appreciate the advantages which they have there and stick to the farm.

NEW EARTH WORM.

In connection with the subject of introducing new enemies to plants from abroad, it may be advisable to mention that at the present time a very large and apparently new species of earth worm, thought to have been first introduced in the earth in which some Japanese plants were imported in the expedition under Commodore Perry, has increased and multiplied in the not-mellows so much as to have become a veritable nuisance. This worm is probably the same mentioned in the English *Gardener's Chronicle* of April 24, 1869, by D. T. Fish, F. R. H. S., under the name of the eel worm, its habits and appearance being almost identical with that in the hot-house of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Fish, after stating that it is very injurious to plants in pots, and had been known for twenty years, says that it is "probably a tropical relation of the common earth worm, as it cannot live out of doors in the climate of England and scarcely subsists in a greenhouse, but revels in the temperature of a plant-stove or orchideous house. It differs from the common worm in its mode of locomotion and in several of its habits. It comes out at night on walls, stone floors, &c., and is as quick as an adder in its movements when disturbed. It seems impossible to eradicate it; it appears to breed with extraordinary rapidity, and is endowed with great muscular power, so much so that it is somewhat difficult to hold a large specimen between the thumb and finger. Lime water which is a sovereign remedy against the common earth worm, appears to have little influence on it, and the only effective mode of destruction is to turn out the soil from the pot and catch and kill the intruder, taking care, however, not to knock or jar the plant, as this worm, instead of coming to the surface on being disturbed, like the common worm, will instantly recede to the centre of the ball of earth and remain there undisturbed." In a later number of the *Gardener's Chronicle* for 1871, page 468, Mr. W. Baird speaks of a worm under the name of *Megascolex (Perichaeta) diffringens*, found in three different gardens in England, in hot-stove houses, which is probably the same worm as the eel worm referred to by Mr. Fish.—*Report of Department of Agriculture.*

☞ Lice on cattle may be removed by pouring a small quantity of kerosene on the card with which they are carded. The application should be frequent, though in but small quantity, till the lice all disappear. The lousiest herd I ever saw was completely relieved of them in ten days by this application alone.—*Ex.*

THE GROWTH OF FARMING.

ARTICLE NO. VII.

The lectures of Davy before the board of agriculture from 1802 to 1812, mark an important epoch in the history of modern agriculture. At that time it first began to assume the position of a science, and ceased to be merely a collection of facts, imperfectly understood and erroneously classified. The substance of these lectures was embodied in his "Elements of Agriculture," published in 1813, and translated into German in 1814, and into French in 1829. This work offered the very kind of information which Arthur Young declared to be the great want of his day. It opened to the reflecting farmer new and interesting views of the principles of fertility and vegetation. It embodied the results of the labors of Darwin, Knight, De Candolle, and other distinguished vegetable physiologists, explaining the functions of the roots and leaves, and the construction of plants, teaching that all vegetable substances consisted of charcoal and gas, that all vegetable tissues were made up principally of various combinations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen or azote, only a small part of the plant being formed from the materials of the soil itself.

Davy showed also how plants, soils, and manures could be analyzed, and manures selected which would furnish the elements needed by the different varieties of plants. He found that plants absorb nourishment only in the form of gas or solution in water, and hence inferred that that manure was the best, other things being equal, which slowly and gradually furnished the greatest amount of soluble matter adapted to the wants of the plant through the various stages of growth. Davy continued his experiments with great diligence. We find him, in 1807, trying to ascertain the effects of various salts on barley, grass, &c., in light, sandy soils, applying twice a week diluted solutions of sulphate, acetate, bi-carbonate, and muriate of potash, sulphate of soda, and nitrate, muriate, sulphate, and carbonate of ammonia; finding, as Young had found, that plants furnished with carbonate of ammonia grew most luxuriantly, a result which had been anticipated from the composition of carbonate of ammonia.

Davy experimented on specimens of guano sent to the board of agriculture in 1805, the existence of it in large quantities on the South Sea Islands having been pointed out by Baron Humboldt. In 1806, elaborate analyses of guano were published by Fourcroy and Vanqueline. Davy, writing at this time, says: "The dung of sea-birds has never been used in this country." What changes a half century has produced in this respect! Davy recommended the use of bones as a manure, not so much because they contained phosphate of lime, as because they were filled with decomposable animal matter, as gelatine, cartilage, fat, &c. The enormous sums now paid for this very phosphate of lime, rendered easily and speedily soluable by the application of sulphuric acid, show clearly enough what great progress chemistry itself, in its application to agriculture, has made since his day.

But though the results obtained by Davy were imperfect, and in some cases erroneous, they yet made important advances in an almost untrodden path of investigation, and his discoveries form a suitable introduction to our survey of the present condition of agriculture both in England and in this country. The facts established by his researches as to the effect of ammonia on vegetation, may be regarded as the starting point of modern scientific investigations into the properties of this substance when used as a manure; for, though Young first led the way in observing its practical effect on plants, his conclusions, from his want of chemical skill, had not the scientific certainty which characterised Davy's, and which was necessary to give them their highest value. It may indeed be said that he was the means of drawing the attention of chemists to this particular branch of their science; for through the influence of the reputation he gained, the thoughts of other scientific men, and especially the chemists on the continent, were turned in this direction.

In general, the literature of agriculture had advanced more rapidly on the continent than in England. In Germany, especially, many writers had treated of the subject more particularly in works on political economy. In the latter half of the last century, particularly, many treatises of practical value appeared, such as those of Kretchmar, Reichart, Stisser, and Sprenger. At the same period the distinguished Duhamel wrote in France, and adopted and labored to spread the views of Tull in regard to the nourishment of plants. In his treatise on the cultivation of the soil, he endeavors to determine the principles of agriculture by theories deduced from experiments, which subsequently received a more scientific form in the "Elements of Agriculture," published in Paris in 1771.

Duhamel, Buffon, and others, by their superior genius, made the study of rural economy attractive to scientific men in France, and hence there has been more original research in the department of agricultural chemistry, vegetable physiology, and other kindred branches, than in any other country except Germany. As early as 1730 there were no less than thirteen agricultural societies in France, with about nineteen auxiliary societies. The survey of France by Arthur Young, in 1787, and '89, also did much to excite an interest in the improvement of the soil, and to make the peculiarities and wants of the country more familiarly known even to Frenchmen themselves.

Merino sheep were brought into France in 1776, and kept under charge of the government for the improvement of the stock of the country. Bonaparte, in his liberal policy toward agriculture, greatly increased the number of societies, established professorships, botanical gardens, &c., all of which concurred to elevate the study of agriculture in the estimation of those capable of bringing to its aid the principles of the abstract sciences; and this tendency has influenced the scientific minds of France to the present day, though, strange to say, the practice of the country has not kept pace with the developement of theory, and in many of the departments the methods adopted and the implements used are still extremely rude. This is owing partly to the division of property, the holdings, as a general thing, being very small.

Questions & Answers.

SWISS CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In your report of the N. H. State Fair, at Dover, Mr. Clark of Belmont you say "the cows even now give 20 quarts of milk per day." Am I to understand that they give 20 quarts each, or the three cows give 20 quarts in all? If they give 20 quarts per day "even now," how much will they give in June in the best of feed? What is the weight of the cows? I had the impression the Swiss cattle were a small breed. Cows that will give 20 quarts "even now" must be very desirable. I should be pleased to learn more of Swiss cattle. C. C. PARKER.

Winchendon, Oct. 11, 1872.

We cannot say positively at this moment, how it is about the quantity which Mr. Clark's cows are giving at the present time. We will try to ascertain and report upon this point. Nor can we give the weight of these particular cows.

Our correspondent's impression about the small size of the Swiss cattle is quite wrong. Some of the Swiss races are immensely large, and might be called colossal in size, as compared with any races or breeds that we have ever seen in this country. The great variagated red and red flecked Swiss race found in the Bernese Oberland is enormously large and heavy, and the cows remind a stranger of very large sized oxen. We saw great numbers of them in the neighborhood of Berne and so all the way down to Fribourg, and the first thought was, what magnificent and powerful oxen, and we could hardly credit our eyes when we saw that they were cows. In the rich valleys where they are stall fed entirely, as a very large proportion of the cattle of central Europe are, the bony structure is very largely developed.

And then there is the Simmenthaler race, generally of a uniform red color, with a shade very much like the Devon. This is also to be found in the Bernese Oberland, and is a race quite unlike the preceding, both in color and characteristics. The average weight of the cows of this race is from thirteen hundred pounds to thirteen hundred and fifty pounds, but the weight sometimes exceeds sixteen hundred pounds, and the bulls commonly weigh twenty-two hundred pounds, live weight at four or five years old, and a seven year old bull weighed twenty-seven hundred pounds when in fair condition. That you see, is getting pretty sizable, and hardly justifies your impression of Swiss cattle. We might mention other quite distinct Swiss races of magnificent size.

Now the cattle you refer to are another and smaller race than the two preceding. They are known as the gray-brown and black-brown Swiss race. We have seen many thousands of them on their native mountains and in their own valleys, and we could never tire of looking at them. They are more extensively distributed than the red and black flecked race and the Simmenthalers, and occupy almost exclusively the cantons of Schwyz, Lucerne, Zurich, Appenzell, Uri, Unterwalden and the Grisons, an immense extent of territory with a surface as unlike as it is possible to conceive of, varying from the broad and deep and most luxuriant valleys that might be compared for richness and natural fertility with the Connecticut river meadows, or the blue grass region of Kentucky, to the loftiest and most rugged and most barren regions of the Alps.

Now see what nature has done, and we know of no more striking illustration of the influence of natural causes over the size and form and qualities of our domestic animals. Over this whole vast region, including all these cantons, you find the color of this celebrated race of cattle the same and the general characteristics also. You have the black-brown, gray-brown, shading off into clear gray and light brown, and the light stripe along the back and the bright colored marking or ring around the muzzle and the hair in the ears. But in the size and weight of the body there is a very marked difference. In Schwytz and all around the borders of lake Zug you find the bony structure very large and full, well formed and magnificent, with broad hind quarters. In Zurich and the Grisons you find these animals of only a medium size, for the mountains in these cantons are the lower Alps, where the pastures are still rich though less fertile than the lake region, while the size is decidedly small through the extremely mountainous cantons of Uri and Unterwalden. The race is the same, but the form and size differ widely. But generally in this race the head is less broad across the forehead, the neck thinner, and the tail less highly set than in the variegated or red Swiss race. As a race it is very rich in milk and brings heavy calves; the capacity for fattening is good, and they are what would be called easy feeders; and this race is especially popular with the Italian butchers, who take immense numbers of them over the Alps to Italy every year.

Did space permit we should be pleased to say a great deal more about Swiss cattle, for we travelled all over the above named cantons as well as other parts of Switzerland, and had a sharp eye out for the stock prevailing in the different sections, and we never tire of writing about them. They are so far from the coast that they are less known in this country than cattle nearer the western coast of Europe, though they may deserve even more careful study.—[Ed.

WHEAT AFTER CLOVER.

If there is no tough sod, but a tolerably clean clover lay, the soil may be pretty well fitted for wheat by ploughing once after harvest, and working the surface thoroughly. The clover may be pastured or mowed. The method for preparing the land for wheat is practiced quite largely by English farmers, and very successfully too. It will work well if previous cultivation has enriched and cleared the land so that weeds will not choke the grain, and will find in the soil sufficient food. But if the land is both foul and poor, it is a course not to be recommended. If possible, it is best to retain from either pasturing or mowing the clover previous to ploughing it in, but let the full growth remain on the groundduring the summer, thus shading it and retaining its moisture.

When in full bloom it is a good plan to roll or harrow it down, when thenew growth will start quicker and the shade become denser. Soil thus shaded will plough much more loosely, and be in better condition for wheat, than if it had been exposed to the sun by close pasture. If the farmer can afford to use his clover crop to thus protect land, it is quite as likely to yield as much profit eventually, as it would either made into hay or fed off by stock.—*Canada Farmer.*

☞ It is reported that boards subjected to the vapor of carbolic acid, and laid in drains, will last for generations.

Miscellaneous.

STORING POTATOES.

From all sources comes a whisper of anticipated loss by rot through winter of portions of the potato crop. Many are digging for our part we do not anticipate the serious loss which some of our friends do. It has been pretty well demonstrated that the seeds of the disease is distributed through the plant while it is growing; and that it cannot be propagated except by the communication of decaying parts to healthy ones to any serious extent, except in the growing season. It is farther known that the potato fungus which breeds the disease, propagates itself best in moist seasons and very little in dry ones, and, putting this and that together, as the knowing people say, we infer that our season has not been very favorable to a wide spread seating of the disease. For our season was dry, and though of late we have had copious rains and heat enough to make things "muggy" enough to breed the worst of funguses, the potato had made its growth before the unfavorable time had come. It is quite likely that the late kinds may suffer from this cause to some extent; but for all this we think there will not be the loss anticipated.

Still it will do no harm to take the best precautions against any injuries that may arise; for if the rot does follow after storing, potatoes will be scarcer in the spring than many anticipate, and it will pay well for those who read the *Telegraph* to have a good stock on hand to supply the market which those who do not read it may not have.

To store potatoes properly we have to guard against heating; for although the potato will not absolutely ferment by heat as so much vegetable matter will, a heap becomes warm enough to excite any germ fungus there may be in the tuber, and this exhalation may be sufficient to cause a decay, which can be communicated to roots in which no symptom of rot exists. Moisture is favorable to heating, and hence it is best to have the potato thoroughly dry before storing, if any considerable quantity is to be put away in bulk. Thus if they are spread on a barn floor or other cool place before putting in the root cellar, they will be safe against rotting.

When potatoes are perfectly healthy, there is not so much necessity for this care in drying. Hundreds of bushels are often taken at once from the field to the cellar without any damage whatever resulting; and it is only in view of their possibility of rot that we think it advisable to take extra precaution in drying the roots. It is well to note that a cool shed is best to dry them in, as the tubers will otherwise absorb more heat than when they come out of the ground; and this is what we try to avoid.

There is one disadvantage in drying potatoes in this way, which is always more or less connected with dry cellars, namely, the great loss in shrinkage which results. In an average dry cellar there is often as much as a loss of twenty per cent. in bulk from shrinkage. Thus, one hundred bushels stored away in a place like this in winter, will give but eighty when taken out for sale in spring. This is often as much, and sometimes more, than the advance in spring over fall prices, and is an argument often used to induce growers to sell their stock as soon as taken up, instead of keeping them for the spring rise.

But this loss can be wholly avoided and the roots kept in excellent condition by carefully storing in the open ground. A dry place is to be selected, where the water can run easily away, and the potatoes laid up in long narrow ridges, say about four feet wide and as long as the quantity to be protected demands. After the whole has been collected together, a thin layer of straw, only thick enough to keep the earth from falling in among the roots, is to be put along the sides and over the tubers, and a thin layer of soil, just enough to keep the straw in place, is thrown over.

It is best not to throw more earth than this over at first, as the natural heat of the potatoes will accumulate, while it is the object to let it pass rapidly away. As soon as there is danger of frost then the potatoes should be covered thickly with soil, as the frost is certain likely to penetrate. In this way the roots are preserved at a temperature but little above the freezing point, and thus guarding against heating much, and at the same time there is little loss from evaporation; a great point gained when the bushel measure is brought out in spring.

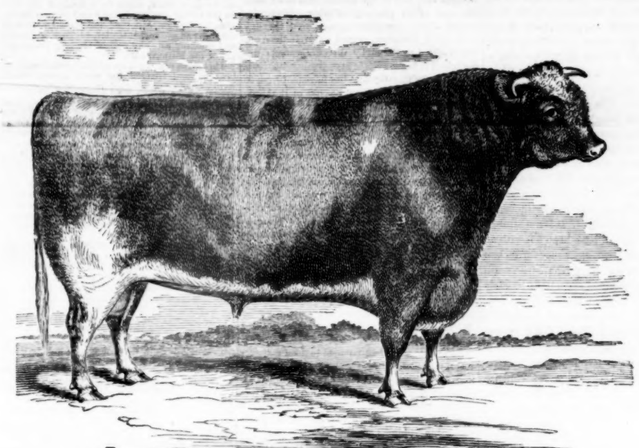
The great objection to this old fashioned and excellent plan is that we cannot get at them well in the winter season; but we are only recommending it when they are required to be kept over till spring. When they are needed before that time, a cellar is almost indispensable. Another objection is the extra labor which open air banking takes. Perhaps ten or twenty per cent. may be a fair set off to this; but at any rate those who have good root cellars will generally run the risk in preference to the labor of the open ground. But we have referred to the excellence of the plan because some have no good root cellars, and others who may yet fear rot and will be glad to take the best precautions to guard against accident.

Only those, however, which are apparently sound, should be chosen for the out door practice, for those which are certainly diseased will be better preserved by an occasional sorting over during the winter season.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO MAKE BOYS FARMERS.

I wish all the fathers would heed what the *American Agriculturist* says: Induce the boys to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them all your plans, your successes and failures; give them the history of your life and what you did, and how you lived when a boy; but do not harp too much on the degenerate character of young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better. Let them dress up in the evening instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dirty room. Provide plenty of light. Thanks to kerosene, our country homes can be as brilliantly lighted as the gas lit residences in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in evenings. Talk agriculture rather than politics; speak of the importance of large crops, of good stock, of liberal feeding, and of the advantage of making animals comfortable, rather than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. Above all encourage the boy to read good agricultural papers. Get him some good agricultural book to study. Read with him, and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this, give him another. In our own case, we owe our love for farming principally to the fact that our father told us of everything that he was doing on the farm; answering all the questions and encouraging, rather then refusing, our childlike desire of helping him to plough, to chop, to drain, as well as firing the brush heaps.

☞ A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist*, visiting Vick's warehouse at Rochester, says: "All business is classified so that there is the utmost simplicity and perfect system. Over twenty tons of flower bulbs were sold last fall. One hundred and twenty persons are employed in this establishment, of which seventy-five are girls. The cash receipt for six months were $300,000, and for the year, $500,000. In his farm for growing seeds, six or seven acres are devoted to Phlox, five to Asters, four to five in Dahlias, four in Zinnias, two to three in Verbenas, two in Pansies."



SHORTHORN BULL "SALAMANDER" 9046.

OWNED BY AUGUSTUS WHITMAN, ESQ., OF FITCHBURG, MASS.

The Stable.

ELI PERKINS TELLS HOW TO TREAT A HORSE.

Some English grooms here are teaching the "Yankees" how to take care of horses.

I asked one of these grooms, who has spent twenty years in the stables of royalty, what he had to say about our American way of taking care of horses.

"Why, sir," said he, "you don't take good care of your horses; you think you do, but you don't."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, when a horse comes in all wet with prespiration, you let him stand in the stable and dry with all the dirt on. In England we take the horse as he comes in from a drive and sprinkle blood-warm water all over him from his head to his feet. Then we scrape him down and blanket him, rubbing his legs and face dry. Thus, in an hour he is clean and dry and ready to take feed, while with your way, he will stand and swelter for hours, and finally dry, sticky and dirty. Our horses never foundered or took a cold. We never use a curry-comb. You scratch your horses too hard. The only care necessary is to have the water not too cold, then bathe them quick and blanket them instantly while you are rubbing their legs."

I think the groom is sound, and I've noticed the same practice myself in England.

CARE OF HORSES.—All horses must not be fed in the same proportions, without regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work, the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

When a horse is worked hard its food should be chiefly oats—if not worked hard its food should be chiefly hay—because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

For a saddle or coach horse, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient. If the hay is not good, add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have less.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger, because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly, the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with saliva, and turned into wholesome nutriment.—*London Horse Book.*

Porcine.

SWINE IN THE BARNYARD.

The plan of allowing pigs to run in a large open manure yard, and treat straw into manure, answers be ter for young or growing pigs than for those that are fattening. Neither is it consistent with the best modern methods of making and preserving manure; for while there is not a better understood fact in the physiology than that animals must be kept still during the process of fattening, and must have their rambling instincts restrained, yet with animals that are young and growing, a very different course must be adopted. If much confined they will get misshapen and rickety, will lose the bloom of health and vigor, and remain small in size and tender in constitution. Exercise is as necessary for them as it is for horses, and the manure heap in the yard will be benefited by their rooting. The odd corn will be picked up and the fermenting mass will form a warm and healthy bed, highly suited to the somnolent habits of the pig in winter.—*Western Rural.*

NO PROFIT IN MILKING TOO LONG.

It is generally thought best, so far as my knowledge extends, to let dairy cows go dry three at least or four months. My own experience would give three months as about the best average length of time cows should go dry before dropping their calves in spring; and this I find best, without regard to the general health of the animal or the amount of milk to be produced the following or after season. Cows that are milked too long, either get thin in flesh, and give but little milk, and that little of poor quality, or else require a large amount of nutritious food to keep up a good supply of milk and the animal in good health. My rule is to feed liberally as long as I do milk, and when a cow gives less than about two quarts of good wholesome milk, dry her off and lessen the feed. A dry cow needs but about two-thirds the amount of fodder required by a cow of the same size which gives milk, so that there is no present profit in milking too long, unless dairy products are very high, to say nothing of the damage by impairing the future usefulness of the cow.—*Country Gent.*

The Poultry Interest.

FACTS ABOUT BREEDING POULTRY.

At a recent meeting of a Farmer's Club in England, J. K. Fowler read a paper from which we make the following extracts:

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of the influence of the male as to externals is to be found in a trial of my own with the Brahma and Dorking fowls. After reading Mr. Orton's paper, in which he recorded his trials with the Cochin and Dorking, I began with the Brahma and Dorking. The uninitiated of my listeners must understand that the Brahma has four claws only, has feathered legs, lays a buff-colored egg, and the cock crows or roars like the Cochin, and that the Dorking has five claws on each foot, has no feathers on its legs, lays a white egg, and the cock crows with the old English shrill clarion note.

I put a Brahma cock to some Dorking hens and the chickens almost invariably had four claws on each foot, in some cases five on one and four on another, and the pullets from these laid white eggs, and most remarkable of all, the cockerels crowed like the Brahma cock, they had small combs, and had all the external appearance of the Brahma. Now, in putting the Dorking cock to the Brahma hens it was reversed in an extraordinary degree, for nearly all the hens had five claws and the pullets laid buff eggs, in all these instances showing unmistakably that the cockerels followed the male, and that the internal organization, i. e., the egg laying and the crowing, which was from the internal organization of the throat, followed the female.

A most singular case occurred about four years ago among my Aylesbury ducks—a Rouen drake got mixed with them for only one night, and one of the white Ayle-bury's subsequently produced one two colored ducklings; she was, therefore, carefully put away, but as she was one of my best and purest strains, she was bred from the next year, and she every now and then threw out a duckling with partially brown plumage.—The next year she was tried again, and although for two years she had never been near a Rouen drake, she continued to breed an occasional duckling with a few discolored feathers: here was one of those strange occurrences which we shall have to consider more deeply before we close the subject.

The Rev. Mr. Smithies told me that he bred a chicken from a game hen by a Dorking cock, and that one leg had five claws on it, and was white in color, and the other leg was yellow, and had but four claws; this was a strong combination.

In speaking of turkies, perhaps it is more generally known that one fecundation by the cock bird is sufficient to fertilize all the ovary of the hen. I have myself had a hen turkey sent to a neighboring farm to a cock bird, and she has never been near one again, and yet every egg was fertile; and, still more remarkable, after bringing up the brood, she laid again, and although she never having been to the male bird since the first time, the new laying of eggs were also fertile; here we have a remarkable instance of the impress of the male beyond one generation.—Many such can be adduced, and Darwin, through repeated trials, shows the same results.

HOW TO PLUCK POULTRY.—That farmer whose poultry is not troubled with the gapes, that has not been visited with the chicken cholera, knows what it is to prepare forty or fifty fowls for market since the practice of scalding has been vetoed by the buyers. I have known persons on market day to go out and kill a dozen or fifteen at a time and bring them into a room where there would be half a dozen women and boys pulling a few feathers at a time between the thumb and forefinger to prevent tearing them. Now, for the benefit of such I give my plan: Hang the fowl by the feet by a small cord; then, with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw, opposite the corners of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running a stream, place the point of the knife in the groove in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade up into the back part of the head, which will cause a quivering and twitching of the muscles; now is your time, for every feather yields as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender chick; before he attempts to flap, you can have him as bare as the day he came out of the egg. The wise ones may discuss the reasons—I only know the effects.—[*Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Mr. Laws, of England, made experiments with soil owned in one family a thousand years. He sowed a piece continuously to wheat for 27 years, with an average crop of 15 5-8 bushels per acre. A piece in barley 19 years gave 20 bushels per acre, and a piece in grass 14 years gave 2,600 pounds a year. This yield consequently represented the condition of the soil, with the ordinary cultivation and rotation as practiced; but similar land of the same farm to which 14 tons of manure were applied produced 36 bushels of wheat and 36 bushels of barley, and with 200 pounds of phosphate, it produced 48 bushels of barley.

HOW TO FILL AN ICE HOUSE.—The Utica *Herald* says that the ice house of L. R. Lyon, of Lyon's Falls, N. Y., has not been empty for twenty years, nor has a pound of ice ever been put into it. The building is constructed after the ordinary method, and when it is designed to fill it, a rose jet is placed upon the water pipe, and, as the water comes through it is chilled and drops into the house, where it forms a solid mass.

☞ It is estimated that China will be a market for American butter and cheese to the amount of 50,000 tons annually. This is equal to 100,000,000 pounds. This is the amount they will want as soon as our markets can supply it.

The Apiary.

WINTERING BEES.

Mr. J. W. Hosmer of Janesville, Wis., gives the following as his method:

To prepare bees for wintering, take your strong swarms, as soon as the great honey harvest is over, and divide them into as many swarms as possible, and have each contain one quart of worker bees. Give each hive a queen, and then let them stand until cold weather comes. Then examine, and see that each swarm has at least ten pounds of honey, and if there is more than a quart of bees, take out of the frames and gently shake off the bees, only leaving one quart in the hive of the youngest. Then set them in a cellar where it is perfectly dark and so warm it will not freeze. Close all under ventilation, and if the American hives are used, leave all the mortises through the top open; at all events give them full vent at the top of the hive. Now you have "put them to bed for the long night of winter. Do not disturb them from peaceful slumbers by going into their bedroom with a light. If you have not a cellar, prepare them as described, with bottom closed and top open, and set them in a dry place close together. Lay sticks or boards upon the hives, slanting towards the ground, then cover them with straw or dry chaff, and then beon driven 20 times. When six weeks old he cost $300; at seventeen months old $3600 was refused for him. The day he is to be the great trot the sum of $7000 was refused. The animal is a perfect picture—his action is superb and he is so kind that a child can handle him, and so gentle that a lady can drive him. Horsemen say that there are $20,000 in "Ned."

The famous Grell mare is a Southern racer, and one of the finest saddle horses in the State. On this horse Mr. Murray's "night ride with a mad horse" was founded. She is a sorrel, and the mother of several colts of great promise. The Gipsey mare, pronounced the finest horse on the Mill Dam, when Mr. Murray held the ribbons, is a Harry Clay mare by Black Hawk, a thoroughbred with fine points, weighing about 900, with a three minute gait, untrained, and seven years old. Next comes the gray mare, by a Sherman Morgan out of a Messenger mare, 15½ high, 1000 pounds, a tremendous round-barrel, and untrained can trot in 30. The Hambletonian mare, by Risdyke's old horse, blood bay, 7 years, with no training, of great speed and all the marks of the Hambletonian stock about her, is half sister to Dexter. And finally Lady Thorne Jr., comes out a noble animal of great spirit and fine action, with more of Lady Thorne's movement than any horse in the country. These horses are all trotters and Mr. Murray has not a horse on his farm that is not valuable, nor one from a filly to a draught horse that could be bought for a sum less than $500, and from that up to $10,000.

ADIRONDACK ROOM.

Adirondack stands out on all sides—on the panels, engraved on the lanterns, and it flames out everywhere. In the stable is Mr. Murray's rural study, and it is known as the Adirondack room. It is plain as a barn and wholly with ut ornament, bare floor-, rough book cases, a pine swing table, an iron camp bed and cook chair. In this den the popular city pastor works and writes when out of Boston. I said the room was without ornament. This is not so. Seven rifles grace the walls. Mr. Murray's target rifle takes the place of honor. Since is a marksman that can at four rods hit the bull's eye five times out of six. A stag's head hangs over the harness-room door, which this lady brought down with her rifle. But there are other ornaments—pistols, a book holding 18,500 flies, some worth $1 each; paddles that have seen service on the mountain lakes, rustic drinking cups, belts, whistles, horns, bugles, drums and dog whips. An agricultural library of great value and completeness and a collection of books on the horse, make up the appointments of this rustic room. From the little window of this den, the people of Guilford can see the light twinkle at 3 A. M., as the owner drives his quill and works out some of those burning utterances that move and charm Boston.

AS A BUS

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1872.

THE INTERNATIONAL LAWSUIT.

The Geneva Arbitration will go down in history as the most remarkable suit, trial or process, whichever it may be called, which has ever taken place in any nation or in any age. Two great and powerful peoples, in the very front rank of the nations of the world, agreeing to submit their differences to the decision of a board whose award should be final, made the parties. The court was selected from the most eminent publicists of seven nations, whose reputation and standing gave a dignity to the tribunal such as none ever had before. Then both causes were represented and advocated by the very picked lawyers of both nations, whose learned arguments and profound handling of the questions at issue, were themselves complete and exhaustive essays on international law and its principles as modified by the treaty.

The representative wisdom of all christendom for the tribunal, two great nations for parties, the world for an audience. The literature and history of this august trial remains to be written, and it is more worthy of the eloquent pen of the historian than the great State trials and impeachment proceedings which have on occasions called forth the most brilliant periods of the ablest writers. The direct importance of the case to the two nations in restoring amicable relations and in settling vexed and dangerous questions is tangible and visible before us. The example to other nations will always be before the world, and its beneficent results will be felt more and more as civilization progresses.

The counsel who were engaged in this great trial gave the weight and strength of the greatest legal knowledge and acumen, and never was a cause in more able hands on both sides. Our counsel, Hon. Caleb Cushing and William M. Evarts, have now returned, and their success can scarcely add to the great fame and reputation of either of them, but it is one of the proudest laurels which can adorn the brow of any man. The leading English counsel, Sir Roundell Palmer, we observe has been made Lord Chancellor, the highest law office in England. He is said to have been tendered a fee of $150,000 for his services in the suit, which he magnanimously declined. The honor of being chosen as counsel was considered by him a sufficient reward, and his elevation to the chancellorship and the peerage is sufficient proof of the national satisfaction with his efforts.

This Fine Weather.—The work of harvesting itself no doubt is hard, but it is a glorious privilege to be out and enjoying the fine, dry, exhilarating atmosphere that is the peculiar property of the present season. The Autumn is truly incomparable for the fine, the heavenly days that are trailed like pictures on a winding and unwinding canvas through its term. October is the western gate through which the year goes out in pomp and glory. To be in the country now, is to feel a sense of freedom, physical and mental, that one cannot experience with equal positiveness at any time of the year. The country dweller has the advantage of all of us at this season, if at no other. If one would realize what true tranquility of life is, this is the time to find out its secret by holding close communion with the sights, sounds, and influences of the country.

Expanding the Currency.—Certain parties are interesting themselves to create a public opinion, or what will pass for it, in favor of letting out again the forty-four millions of greenbacks which were retired by Secretary McCulloch, under a law of Congress. Such a scheme is not in the interests of legitimate business, nor does it regard the necessity of a return at some time to specie payments; on the contrary, it puts us farther away from them than ever. An inflation of the currency to the extent proposed will be sure to help speculation of every kind, but not regular trade. Prices will advance amazingly, and gold will go up again to war prices; but the inevitable revulsion will have to come at last, and then there will be far more trouble and suffering than by letting things be as they are.

Iron Production.—Since the price of coal and labor has gone up so surprisingly in England, a stimulus has been imparted to the production of iron in the United States that is without a parallel in the history of the country's development. The rich mineral resources of southwestern Missouri, along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railway, attest the fact in the most impressive manner. The iron ore is excavated from the mines of that section with the greatest energy, and sent away to smelting furnaces by the hundred car-loads every day. Our interest in the production of this invaluable mineral seems to be just developing itself. It will continue to manifest its extent in the pushing forward of railroads in every direction. As a country is rich in iron, in this practical and progressive age, it holds in its hands a power which no rival can wrest from its grasp.

Mr. Froude on Ireland.—The series of lectures by this gentleman on the subject above named contemplates, for their practical moral, the proposition that the United States shall act as umpire between England and Ireland in their present difficulties. He treats the subject in a manner that confuses many judgments. For example, while asserting and insisting that England has crushed Ireland down and dispossessed her of her natural rights, he persistently declares that England will never let Ireland go, and ought not to release her. The problem is, therefore, to reconcile differences between parties that are not expected to make mutual concessions. We fear that Mr. Froude has come to this country with the hardest conundrum that was ever abandoned as impossible of successful guessing.

French Questions.—Serious internal trouble is again brewing in France, which threatens to unsettle the new order of things from the foundation. It is proposed in the next session of the Assembly to make Thiers permanent President of the Republic, which is equivalent to voting for its establishment. Prince Bonapart, who has just been expelled from France by order of Thiers, intends to bring his grievances directly before the Assembly, in which he has friends enough to make serious trouble; and there is a further threat of overhauling the conduct of the Empire and its agents in relation to Prussia, in order to fix the responsibility for the late war with that power. All of these questions are of the most inflammable character, and an explosion would not be surprising that will blow all the existing elements to the moon. France is still a volcano.

Perpetual Motion.—This is an old subject, but it is continually being made fresh and new by men who go a wool-gathering.—The Patent Office, as well as the President and members of the Cabinet, have of late been addressed with serious inquiries from various quarters, to know if it is true that the Government offers one million dollars to whoever will discover the great desideratum of perpetual motion. The million dollars is an object, whatever such a discovery may be. These poor intellectual vagabonds might just as well wear out their aimless lives in trying to find out the secret of creation, for it is manifestly nothing short of that where they will land, if they ever should land. Nobody has once thought to consider of what practical value the discovery would be if made. But then, a million dollars—though the Government never offered it—is a good deal of money.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Louis, Oct. 15, 1872.

Leaving Parkersburgh by rail, the water in the Ohio river being so low that none but very small boats could take part in navigation, we passed over the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad to Cincinnati, where we were just in season to see the closing up of the great exposition, which this year has been a greater success than ever. It was held in a building built for the purpose, covering eight acres of land—twice the amount covered by the great Boston Coliseum. Fourteen hours over the Ohio and Mississippi railroad brought us to this great city. We had travelled over all the other routes from Boston to St. Louis and shall never have occasion to regret that we tried this one. From Cincinnati to the great father of waters the road was one of continued interest.

At St. Louis we were in time for the great State Fair. The people from hundreds of miles in the back country come to witness this annual exhibition. This year has been no exception, and all the week strangers have been hurrying into the town until the hotels were filled and the guests had to be farmed out in the vacant rooms around their neighborhood. Wednesday there could not have been less than fifteen thousand strangers in the city, fifteen thousand people who had come here for no other purpose than to see the Fair. And by every train that came in from morn till dusk their numbers increased, and as night drew on and the thousands of citizens and strangers returned from the Fair grounds, Fourth and Fifth streets assumed an appearance which was peculiarly fitting for the eve of the great day of the week. From Washington avenue to Market street, along Fourth and Fifth, there was one dense but well nigh impenetrable mass of people. It is estimated that there is at all times a transient, floating population of twenty-five or thirty thousand people in St. Louis, and so with the extra visitors to the Fair, the number of which, swollen by the late arrivals, must have grown to twenty thousand at least, by midnight; it is no exaggeration to say that the city sheltered over twenty thousand strangers Wednesday night. It is not strange then that a few should have been left with no place to rest their head, and those for lack of something better wandered the streets till daylight, but too many of them unfortunately making night hideous by their orgies.

Not less than eighty thousand people were on the grounds on Friday. The Fair had not only its Stock department and Mechanical and Fine Arts departments, but its Geological, Mineral and Chemical departments. It is enough to say that every department was well filled and crowds of visitors looked with thoughtful eyes upon each new manifestation of the skill of man or the wonders of nature.

We were introduced by the officers to scores of editors from every part of the great West, and they as well as the officers of the Fair assured us that every year the Fairs increased in interest and attraction; and every year the exhibitions are more varied and extensive.

St. Louis is a great and rapidly growing city and the day is not far distant when it will take the leading position of all western cities. Its water advantages make this not only possible but certain. Had Chicago the outlet of the Mississippi, it would in fifty years be the largest city in the world. From here we must visit the farmers of the Missouri valley.

The Condition of Cuba.—Matters are being pushed to such an extent in Cuba that the loyalists themselves show signs of revolt, and a very little time will probably show whether Spain can hold them any longer. In order to maintain the military organization known as the Volunteers, which is but a murdering, predatory affair at best, a tax heavier than any yet laid is to go into operation with the new year, and the loyalists of means show signs of revolt. They can stand it no longer. It therefore comes to this; when the split occurs between the adherents of Old Spain on the Island and the Volunteers, the insurrectionists will see that their time has come. They will walk to victory between the parted ranks of their old enemies. So that it will be the policy of Spain herself that will give freedom to Cuba, quite as much as the arms of the rebels, yet they have exhibited a fortitude that deserves to be crowned with the fullest success.

Prices in England.—Fuel being so dear in England, every other commodity keeps pace with it. The question for the winter is, what are the laboring classes to do? That they are to have a hard time of it is conceded on all sides. Coal is just double what it formerly was. Bread and meat are in the same proportion, and growing dearer every day. Strikes in all departments of labor are progressing with threatening rapidity, which only complicates the trouble still more. All sorts of reasons are given for this state of things, but none go to the root of the matter. This is fruit that has been more than a day in ripening. England may feel with reason that a reaction of her own conduct to others is setting in on herself. Only two-thirds of her acres are under cultivation. Whole hamlets are turned upon the world by the land owners. The day of retribution has simply come.

China at War.—If the threatened breach occurs between Japan and Corea, then China will at once take sides with the latter, and proceed to take the field, or rather the water. It can instantly arm a force of fifty thousand men with Enfield and Remington rifles, and strengthen them with thirty mounted and field batteries. These troops have been drilled and disciplined under European officers. Arsenals and dockyards have been established at four ports under foreign superintendence, where for some time the manufacture of guns, rifles, and powder has been going on, together with the construction of ships-of-war. At Foochow, the Chinese artizans can produce three war steamers every year. Five war vessels have recently been launched from the Shanghai dockyard, and iron vessels are also on the stocks at the present time. The forts for coast defence have also been put in perfect order, rifled cannons having displaced the old smooth bore guns. China is really in fighting trim.

That Awful Whistle.—We see that the Connecticut River Railroad has adopted the hint of the Boston and Albany, and ordered a suspension of the whistle at crossings except in moments of actual peril. We hope and believe that the plan will prove a success whereever tried. The engines have got into such a habit of making a noise to warn people of the approach of a train, that it has gone on increasing to its present horrid maximum, and it is found to be actually less effective than a quieter style of alarm. So the railroads are resolved to fall back on comparative silence, mindful of the fact that a whisper is sufficient warning of danger where all is silent and ready to receive it. The bell will no doubt do just as good service as the screech of the whistle. At any rate, it remits us to civilization to think that it is to be generally tried as an experiment.

THE HORSE DISEASE IN NEW YORK. The prevalent horse disease made its first appearance to any extent in New York city last Monday, and the contagious qualities of it have been very violent: within twenty-four hours from the time of its appearance one thousand horses in one stable were affected by it. A reporter who visited a number of stalls states that up to Tuesday evening no less than seven thousand horses were affected by it. Up to midnight on Tuesday no deaths have been reported except in the Sixth Avenue stalls. The disease has caused great alarm.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

The twenty-second triennial festival of this Association took place Monday evening at Music Hall, and was attended by a large number of members, and many ladies. The oldest members who were present were Mr. Samuel Curtis, 87, Mr. Jonathan Loring, 87, and ex-Alderman Charles Leighton, 83. In the absence of the President of the Association, Mr. Nathaniel Adams, Col. Albert J. Wright presided and made the opening address. The orator of the evening was Henry W. Wilson, Esq., who gave some interesting statistics about the society and its results, as follows:

He began his address by saying: "Seventy-four years ago, a little company of twenty-nine members of this Association assembled in the Old Green Dragon Tavern, famous for its Revolutionary associations, and celebrated what was, in reality, its first triennial festival as it was its third anniversary. The records state that they 'sat down to a well provided table and fared sumptuously;' toasts were read, 'which being so completely adapted to the occasion, were received with eclat, and interspersed with songs.' The sumptuousness or economy of this entertainment can best be appreciated when it is understood that the entire expense did not exceed nine shillings, New England currency, for each person." Up to that time 116 persons had been entitled to membership and the actual sum her was 90. At the previous annual meeting the funds of the Association amounted to $312 50 and the Secretary's salary, which had been previously fixed at $50, was reduced to $20. The Association, originally intended as a temporary means of self-defence against abuses incident to the trades, had resulted in a consolidated organization of tradesmen, which was viewed with suspicion and distrust by the mercantile and professional classes, who thought they saw in it a combination to advance the cost of all products of labor. Mechanics outside of the organization also shared the distrust which has since proved so groundless, but which added to the many discouragements under which it began.

To-day the membership has increased from 90 to 831; the ordinary annual receipts of the treasury have swelled from less than $200 to $20,000, and its assets which were but $300, now exceed, at a moderate valuation, $300,000 above all indebtedness. Its disbursements for relief, which commenced in 1799, by the payment of $10 "to the family of John Keith, a deceased mechanic, not a member," have steadily grown, until the distribution by the Relief Committee of the past year amounted to $4982; and although the records are imperfect, there is abundant evidence that the total sum so distributed since the commencement, amounts to more than $60,000. There has been paid to the families of deceased members since 1802, when $40 was paid to Peter Mashtosh, brother of Chas. Mashtosh, a deceased member, $27,725 75. For educational purposes since 1826, more than $30,000, and for the assistance of the Mechanics' Apprentice Library Association about $7000 more, making a total of $37,000. All these results are to be attributed to good management, by which from a feeble organization the association has grown to be a corporation of large powers and great wealth, combining and representing manufacturing interests, caring for its own sick and distressed, and promoting goodfellowship within its borders.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Work on this road, according to the Clinton *Courant*, is making favorable progress. Between forty and fifty miles are ready for the ties, but no track will be laid before next spring. One thousand men are at work on the line. A reduction of the wages of the laborers has taken place, from $2 to $1.75 per day; this reduction is resisted by a few strikes at certain points on the eastern division of the road, but none in the western division; work is being gradually resumed, and during the present week the entire force will again be on duty, the places of the strikers having been filled by men sent out from Boston. There has been a temporary suspension of work at Hudson, owing to trouble with subcontractors. There has also been some trouble at Northampton with the foundations of the bridge; the difficulty presented itself in the way of quicksands beneath the west abutment of the bridge, and the remedy was found in putting in an extra pier, and in removing the abutment inland, or farther from the stream. Only forty per cent. of the subscription stock has been assessed.

A Religious Reform In India.

—There exists in India, among the natives, a strong "reform party" for the promotion of widow marriage. Formerly the widow went to the pile with her husband. When that was abolished by the stern hand of British law, the plan of "starving," instead of burning was adopted. The widow, young or old, is compelled to wear a certain dress, to live in retirement, to eat sparingly, and, in short, make herself as miserable as she can. Against this the "reform party" is waging war; and the success which it is slowly obtaining is an indication of the progress toward civilization which India is making. A marriage of the kind recently occurred; the widow being a young woman, who, after overcoming many obstacles, and being cruelly treated by her relatives, was married by two Brahmin priests, in the presence of a large number of the reform party. The affair created great excitement, and the priests who performed the ceremony are threatened with excommunication.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—The horse epidemic at Rochester, N. Y., continues its ravages, and extended to Buffalo. Three hundred horses have died in Rochester, and city travel is almost suspended. The disease has now visited Boston, and several hundred horses are already prostrated. The disease has appeared in the stables of the Brooklyn City Railroad. Several cases are reported in Charlestown and Chelsea.

☞The Boomer & Boschert Press recently patented by the gentlemen whose name it bears, is rapidly making its way in the market as the most novel, ingenious and powerful press yet invented. It has 2 levers, and twice the power of the hydraulic press, while the strength of its frame and construction is fully adequate to all the demands made upon it. It is also the most compact press in use, and occupies but little room. The power is produced by a combination of the screw, the knuckle joint, and the lever, which together give it an immense power, and yet it can be worked by one man up to the largest sizes. It is most admirably adapted for a cider press, and is used in many printing offices for a paper press, for which it is found to be the most convenient and powerful known. It is also adapted for many other uses which will readily suggest themselves. This press has received first premiums at every fair where it has been exhibited, and is pronounced by experienced judges to be everything that is claimed for it, and it will undoubtedly in a very short time supersede all others. See advertisement.

THE HORSE DISEASE IN BOSTON—*Several Hundred Horses Prostrated.* We have given within a few days past reports of the horse disease which first made its appearance in Toronto, and then broke out at Montreal, Buffalo, Rochester and other places. It has now reached Boston, and there are cases at Warner & Richardson's in Pembroke street, the American stables in Sudbury street, Beacon Park stables, and at several private stables.

The disease, as described by a Toronto paper, is the same which afflicts the horses in Boston. It appears to be a catarrhal fever of an epizotic nature, the result of some atmospheric influence, and no kind of horse appears to be exempt. The premonitory symptoms are heaviness, watery discharge from the nose, and a severe hacking cough; the pulse is quickened and the mouth hot, the nasal membranes are injected and the ears and legs are unnaturally cold, the discharge from the nose increases and becomes of a greenish-yellow color, the breathing is increased, and in some cases labored and severe.

At the stables of Messrs. Warner & Richardson the disease took hold of a very large number of horses simultaneously. On Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning, gentlemen calling for their horses were astonished to see up and look at them, and the gathering of so large a number of dissappointed applicants for horse flesh afforded a practical illustration of the old saying that "misery loves company." The fact that the disease has manifested itself in private stables shows that it is not caused by any local difficulty, but is in the atmosphere.

Although this disease must necessarily prove a great loss and annoyance to the community generally, we do not think it is likely to be of a fatal character when proper care and rational treatment are adop ed. As the disease will run a certain course, affected animals should be carefully used, and allowed plenty of pure air, with a liberal diet of nourishing and easily digested food. The stables should be well aired daily and thoroughly ventilated; and it is also advisable to use disinfec ants, as the chloride of lime or carbolic acid. When the throat is very sore, causing a difficulty in swallowing, a mild embrocation should be applied, and the fever allayed by mild febrifuge medicine.

This disease is not the same which affected the omnibus horses last winter. It is of a milder type, and with care and proper diet there is little danger.

It will be seen by our telegraphic dispatches that the horse disease in Rochester is raging with great violence, and that three hundred cases have proved fatal.—*Journal.*

ANOTHER SERIOUS DISASTER ON THE EASTERN RAILROAD.

Collision of Passenger and Freight Trains at Seabrook, N. H.

[From the Press Despatches.]

Another unfortunate disaster, involving the loss of life and considerable injury to a number of persons, has occurred on the Eastern railroad. Early Tuesday morning a passenger train, while running at full speed, was diverted from its course by a misplaced switch at Seabrook, N. H., and plunged headlong into a freight train standing upon a side track. The collision was fearful, and both trains were badly wrecked. The particulars of the calamity, as g thered by reporters and special correspondents on Tuesday, are as follows:

STATEMENTS OF PASSENGERS.

Nearly everybody on board the train was either drowsing or sound asleep when the crash came. The shock was no sooner realized than all were pitched from their seats. In the smoking car, visited but a few moments before by no gentleman, nearly every seat was occupied. This car is now a ragged covering to the wreck of the baggage car, which was telescoped within. As the baggage car came through, several were pushed out upon the road-bed upon the heavier parts of their seats, for the sides of the car were pent open in many places as large as a small house door, and pieces of the flooring, with the seats, were thereby tipped out. But the majority of the passengers in the smoking car were not so fortunate. As soon as the momentum ceased, those who were in the uninjured Pullman cars (two cars) went to the rescue of those whose screams told them that fellow-beings were suffering torture. It was quite dark, being four o'clock, and it was by the aid of lights that the injured ones were seen. The lamps in the broken baggage and smoking cars and upon the engine, and on conductor's car and the freight train, were all extinguished by the concussion, so that the additional terror of a conflagration to such a scene was not suffered. The scene of the wreck can be best described by the remark of one gentleman, who said: "The two sleeping cars are all right, and they with the half of the partially injured passenger car directly in front stand on the main track, while for a space of fifty feet on the siding are piled the wreck of first an engine, two freight cars (one the conductor's and the other an ale car), a tender, baggage and mail, and smoking cars and part of the only passenger car of the Eastern road."

This gives one an idea of the terrible mass of broken, sand covered car work among which were buried or imprisoned at least twenty-four [illegible] and the wonder was that so few lives were in the new talk.

With railroad iron, they who were alive and sound of limb took to the work of separating the heavy timbers from the main body of the debris in order to extricate the injured. But one death face was presented at the time, and it was that of Capt. Norton, who had come west from his home in Maine that night. The report was at once circulated in the house, however, that Mr. Thomas Newhall, was killed outright, but the truth was shown to be that he was alive and only injured in the face, which laceration was received as he jumped from the platform, on which the conductor's brakes had been set, with the alarmed reversed and the proper signals given.

The fireman was not fortunate in getting a death so quick as that, though he, too, stuck to the engine, it is said, as it tore through the two cars of the freight train.

Capt. Norton was in the forward part of the baggage car when the collision occurred, and in the wreck was found his body, under the flooring of the baggage car. He was shockingly broken in limb, and must have been immediately killed. Some twelve persons were mingled in the ruins all about him, and these were the more terribly injured, not one escaping without some bone or bones broken. Not one in the smoking car escaped, and some had very narrow chances.

One man said he felt as if the bottom of the car had been let out from under him and he dropped with the building, he said, but was particularly removed from either. In the baggage and mail car there were but very few; there seldom are on this early morning train. All the messenger there belonging were in their posts, and consequently Mr. W. Palmer, the Postal car agent, was sent among the wreck. When taken out it was believed his injuries were beyond surgical or medical aid, but the best that could be was done for him. Mr. Thomas Sanborn of Hampton Falls, his assistant, had his leg broken.

LIST OF THE CASUALTIES.

The Pullman car which came in on the rear of the train which reached Boston at a quarter past seven contained a number of the injured, and presented a sad scene as the occupants with bandaged heads, arms and legs filled the berths. The body of one man killed, Capt. Norton of Gardner, Me., was in the Eastern, and all of the injured passengers stated that he was killed in his lap.

William L. Palmer, the mail agent, was severely injured internally, so that it is thought he cannot survive. He received the best of medical attention, and Drs. Colman and Whitney from Boston and physicians from Newburyport came through on the car with them.

Charles Estes, the brakeman of the Pullman train is severely injured internally and his recovery is considered doubtful. He belongs in Elliot, Maine.

A. B. Howdlett, Boston, fractured clavicle and slight internal injuries.

Elisha Speril, Somerville, New Brunswick, right hand badly jammed.

W. H. Whitenett, St. John, N. B., but slightly jammed.

Horatio Hall, Brunswick, Maine, slightly injured.

A. M. Curtis, Bowdoinham, Maine, fracture of right leg and slight internal injuries.

David F. Howard of Bangor, injured internally, but it is thought not seriously.

George W. Crouch, Maine, not seriously.

Capt. James M. Blaisdell, of Brunswick, Me., badly wounded, but not dangerously.

Ernest C. Holtrook of this city, left foot badly jammed, but not dangerously.

Thomas J. Sanborn, Rye, mail agent, leg badly crushed.

Alden Allen, Bangor, Me., express messenger, badly injured about the stomach and bowels.

Thomas B. Gammon, baggage master, somewhat bruised, although not severely.

THE MISPLACED SWITCH.

Charles F. Dow, of East Salisbury, the brakeman in charge of the local freight train, states positively that when he left the Bangor freight train upon the side track he did not leave the switch again, but put the lock in without fastening it, and went back to his own train, to assist the men in transferring the freight. A few minutes after the engine hit the bolt was found broken, and there is a theory in the minds of some that the switch not being locked, it was forced out of place.

THE CONGREGATIONAL FAIR.

For months past in this vicinity, and throughout New England, the Congregational societies have been making busy preparations for a grand fair in aid of the fund for the payment on account of the Congregational House and the improvements at the corner of Beacon and Somerset streets. The preparations for the fair have been progressing, thousands of busy hands and active minds have been engaged in labors and plans to make it a success.

The want has been long felt in the denomination for a suitable building for their purposes, to hold meetings, to contain the library, and for the many social literary and business purposes of the numerous societies. Under the auspices of the American Congregational Association, the granite buildings above referred to were purchased for the sum of $292,000, and since last spring they have been entirely remodelled, and adapted to the purposes intended. In the first story there are three stores, one of which will be occupied by the Congregational Publishing Society. The American Board of Foreign Missions, it is expected will dispose of their building in Pemberton Square, and occupy apartments in the new building. There is to be a library room 62 by 44 feet, and a large hall in the fourth story for meetings. The expense of the improvements will be about $120,000, thus making the entire expense of the building over $300,000, of which $200,000 remains on mortgage, and the Association has raised about $180,000.

To supply the deficiency the present fair was projected, and it commences with peculiar advantages, at a season when no other fairs are in progress or in immediate contemplation, and having enlisted the entire and strong sympathies of the large religious body which it represents. The opening at Horticultural Hall last Monday evening was exceedingly brilliant. The Hall was beautiful with its decorations, and the numerous tables which groaned with the liberal stocks of articles of every kind. We may be sure that at this Fair the common feature of raffling articles will be excluded, and the many visitors will find at the tables well selected articles in great variety. The object of the fair is a most desirable and praiseworthy one, and we wish it every success.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.—In the quiet village of Finshing, L. I., an interesting ceremony took place last week. Nine young ladies, whose social position and circumstances were such as to promise them a life of much enjoyment if they had been fit to make a choice of temporal things, voluntarily withdrew from home and society, to consecrate themselves to live of devotion in the Catholic Church, such as their Superiors might dictate. They were received into the Order of St Joseph, and by their vows of separation from the world, they become the mothers of those children whose natural guardians have failed through indifference or ignorance to fulfil a parent's part toward them. The ceremonies connected with this unusual event were of that impressive character for which the Catholic Church is noted. The candidates for this pious office were dressed in their bridal robes, each accompanied by her bridesmaid, and they passed through the church, intoning in gentle accents hymns of praise to Him whom they sought to be their spouse. Father Burke gave the charge to the postulants in his most eloquent manner, touching especially upon their three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. "In Ireland," said he, "I have spoken on occasions of this kind frequently, but in this land with the feeling of its great significance. At home we have little to enjoy, and, consequently, little to give up. In America, in whose rich bosom are hidden the wealth that man seeks here, this renunciation is a matter of greater sacrifice—calls forth a grander feeling of thanksgiving."

☞WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA, *is the only prompt, efficient and safe* master of such symptoms as loss of appetite, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, melancholy, constipation, wind, mental and physical debility, mental and physical debility as well as many others which, if neglected, will soon place "*the house we live in*" beyond the reach of any remedy. H. G. WHITE, Proprietor, 107 Washington street, Boston. tf

☞THE SWEET FIXED OIL of the COCONNUT is represented in *Burnett's Cocoaine.*

READ AND RUN.

—Murder and violence is becoming rampant in this vicinity of late, so as to excite public apprehensions.

—The political campaign begins to show symptoms of drawing to a close.

—In a sermon on the "causes and cure of crime," last Sunday, Dr. Miner asserted that the similarity of criminals and many who are not so termed is very striking.

—Prof. Tyndall is lecturing in this city on Light and Heat, to crowded audiences and the greatest acceptance. He stands in the front of modern investigators of Science.

—Real estate transfers are as lively as ever in and about Boston, and prices are steadily advancing.

—The oldest barber in Boston is Mr. Joshua G. Edwards, at the South End.

—Small pox is increasing more rapidly in Boston than at any time before, and public attention is becoming aroused to the necessity of its instant suppression.

—The Flower Mission in this city has closed its fourth year.

—Bishop Simpson, the great orator of the Methodist Church, lectured and preached in this city this week.

—The revenue from distilled liquors, since the reduction in the tax, is said to have very greatly increased.

—The National Board of Trade discussed a variety of questions of the first interest to the country, at its recent session in New York, and its opinions cannot fail to be without visible influence on legislation.

—Forty-three thousand people in four parishes of Louisiana, confess to the consumption of four thousand barrels of whiskey every year. There must be a good many "poor" in those whiskey parishes.

—The striking coal-oil men have gone to producing their exportable commodity again.

—The *Danbury News* of Conn., would almost lead one to think that nothing is going on in that State outside of Danbury. Every item is made to tell.

—Twenty thousand serpents are to form a part of the contents of a private menagerie which the ex-king of Oude is engaged in getting up.

—The great National Observatory is to be located on Pollard's Peak, near Summit Station, on the California and Nevada line.

—At the recent Georgia State Fair, a steam wagon was exhibited that took up and carried off its twenty tons of stone without a word or a wink. That means something like business, and is a steam wagon to be very much *esteamed.*

—English sparrows are becoming a glut in Pennsylvania, and there is talk of decimating them with murderous bird shot.

—For a thousand miles at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, tea gardens have been prepared to compete with China and Japan in the markets of the world.

—Assaulting political processions is an amusement that is being revived hereabouts.

—A movement is on foot for removing the City Court House from Court Square to the site of the disused Beacon Hill reservoir.

—Duels are getting to be as much the thing in New York as they ever were in Paris.

—No clue to the murderer of Mr. Lane, of the Dorchester district, has yet been found.

—And now the immortal Mark Twain has fallen a victim to the ubiquitous pickpocket.

—Seven hundred dollars is the sum which his bouquets cost a young fellow in New York last winter, and he thinks he shall cut society this winter.

—The wagon of Bannum's treasures was discovered recently to be driven by a fugitive Illinois burglar. He had got pretty close up to his next haul.

—A new comic monthly in Dresden is to be named Dr. Eisenbart.

—Fever has destroyed thirty thousand dollars worth of cattle in one county of Illinois, within a short time.

—At the recent exposition at Louisville, the shoe of the racing horse "Longfellow" was on exhibition.

—Mrs. Laura Fair has beaten her own mother at a lawsuit for the recovery of money.

—Edwin Forrest is reading plays now, instead of acting them, and with remarkable success in Philadelphia.

—The ship building interest in Maine, we are sincerely glad to say, is now looking ever so much brighter.

—Such autumnal days as are some of these which we are enjoying, are the glory of the entire year and an enticement for every body to be out of doors.

—Two of the oldest of the Japanese girls who recently came over to this country are on their way home. They have learned to speak our tongue in eight months.

—Lieut. Gen. Sheridan is reported to be engaged to Miss Morgan, a niece of ex-Senator Morgan, of New York.

—Judge Swayne, of the United States Supreme Court, has returned from a tour in Europe by way of Liverpool.

—A man in New York who has just won the stakes in a high jumping match, did it with a jump up of four feet and ten inches.

—There is now another rumor, to the effect that the Emperor William has decided the Northeastern Boundary question between us and Great Britain in favor of the latter power.

—The French Assembly will not be approaching session, threatens to institute a thorough investigation into the cause of the late war with Prussia, involving the conduct of the Imperial Government. It promises to create the most intense party feeling.

—The alumni of Bowdoin College in this vicinity are taking measures for raising a large fund to strengthen the position of their *alma mater.*

—Robbing banks and safes by surprising and binding helpless families at midnight, has developed into a positive mania with what is called gentlemanly burglars.

—The radical republicans of Paris have been successful in the elections to fill vacancies.

—The town of Stoneham has been mulcted in seven thousand dollars damages to an individual suitor, in consequence of a defective sidewalk.

—New York beckmen are very anxious to come back into possession of their old tyranny, that gave them license to besiege every stranger who ventured to enter the city.

—The Treasury has commenced, the first of the week, to pay out interest due on the first of November.

—The President, last Saturday, was obliged to leap from his wagon in order to save himself from being run away with by a pair of young colts.

—J. F. Paul is spoken of for the next Mayor of Boston.

—"Boss" Tweed has really run away at last just as it was supposed he would do.

—A good way to buy chickens is to purchase as you do bonds, with the *coop on.*

—The climate of California begins to establish the fact that that is to be the great wheat growing State of the Union. Nowhere else does the grain ripen as it does there.

—The San Francisco mint is turning out dollars that will circulate in China as well as at home.

—A school for teaching women short-hand reporting has been opened in Cooper Institute.

—The venerable Robert B. Thomas is out again with his Almanac.

—Dr. Chapin has lectured here this week on "Our American Homes."

—The Old Colony Railroad runs one hundred and fifty trains a day, and carries twelve thousand passengers.

—A gray eagle was shot in East Douglass last week, measuring five feet across his extended wings.

—Prof. Stowe has had an attack of paralysis, but has gone to a water cure for treatment, in the western part of the State.

—Wm. M. Evarts is on his way home from Europe.

—A recent trip beyond the Mississippi shows us that the continent is teeming with nature's most generous products for the husbandman.

—Ex-Senator Paterson, of New Hampshire, is to take the place at the head of the Ohio Agricultural College.

—The morning and evening stages over Hoosac Mountain have been discontinued. It is too mounting.

—A man took the prize on a two year old colt, at the recent fair at Northampton, when his man had caught and carried in an eight year horse in place of the animal he intended to compete with. The Committee were all right, though.

—At the convention of railroad locomotive engineers at St. Louis, it was resolved to petition railroad companies throughout the country to discontinue Sunday trains.

—Senator Sumner told Gambetta, at a recent interview, that the great want of France was that of sincere religious faith. The people have no fixed anchorage for their minds.

—Chicago is in a perfect uproar over the new order closing the saloons and bars on Sunday.

—The Internal Revenue collection districts are to be forthwith reduced.

☞To housekeepers and heads of families we commend the immediate purchase and use of the famous Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce. It needs but a trial to assure them how much more palatable Soups, Fish, and Meats, are made by a dessert spoonful of the Halford.

Marine Items.

WHALERS.

A letter from Capt Howland, of barque Andrew Hicks, of Westport, at Payai Oct. 3, states that the mate, Mr. Briggs, of Monroe Centre, Maine, had been taken down by a whale and killed.

Sept 25, lat 28 12, lon 67 50, brig Eliza Thompson, Bates, from New Haven for Mayaguez.

Sept 29, off Gun Key, barque Signal, Whitney, from Havana for New York; same time, brig Star, Cook, from do for N York.

Oct 3, lat 40 27, lon 72 20 W, brig Hattie B, from Windsor, N S, for Baltimore.

Ar at Fayal Sept 11, barques Onward, Hayes, N Bedford, landed 160 bbls sp oil, and left to cruise on the 12; 16th Seine, Shiverick, do, has sp board to be landed here 90 bbls sp oil.

Spoken—Aug 31, sch Admiral Blake, Hathaway, Marion, with a few bbls blackfish oil.

FISHERMEN.

Spoken—Oct. 5, on Grand Banks, sch Riverdale, of Gloucester, with 1000 qtls fish.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

For the week commencing Oct. 27, 1872.

Days of the Week.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises	Length of Days.
SUNDAY,	6 28	4 59	1 22	10 31
MONDAY,	6 29	4 58	2 25	10 29
TUESDAY,	6 30	4 57	3 29	10 27
WEDNESDAY,	6 31	4 56	4 34	10 25
THURSDAY,	6 32	4 54	5 42	10 23
FRIDAY,	6 34	4 53	sets.	10 19
SATURDAY.	6 35	4 51	5 50	10 16

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GETTING READY.

Thousands are "getting ready" now
For chilling frosts and driving snow;
Their buildings many will repair
To close them against the piercing air;
The farmer gathers in the grains,
And stores them with the greatest pains.
Bets things all right about the home.
Then proudly says, "*Let Winter come.*"
The Boys are ready for Winter's frown,
To buy a suit of "*Winter Clo hes*"—
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.
oct26-1t

THE AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT.

For beauty, durability and economy is superior to any other paint. See card in this paper. au31-tf

☞DR. D. SPEAR, M. D., The Old Indian Doctor.

So much Celebrated for His Remarkable Cures.
OFFICE, 713 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. Dr. SPEAR can be consulted upon ALL Diseases. au2-52t

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

All good housekeepers use the Crescent Soap for clean ing the house, nurse, baby, &c. It will leave a polish on the paint different from any other Soap.
For sale by all grocers. oct28-tf

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

The slight increase of activity in the wool market noted by us two weeks ago has not continued, and the dullness of September has been resumed, rather more than less decidedly during the first week of this month. The only improvement which can be mentioned is in fine fleece wools, which are held more firmly than for some weeks. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania X and XX wools have been quite small, owing mainly to the fact that they are held at higher prices than manufacturers are willing to pay. There is much less disposition to make concessions to buyers than there has been, as money seems easier, and holders are confident that there will be a good spring future. They have been looked for so many times, however, during the past year, and have failed to appear, that the result is somewhat doubtful. The stock of these grades are much smaller to-day in the Boston market than for several months, and the reports from Ohio as to the amount in first hands are very contradictory. Should it be demonstrated in the next few weeks that the stock of wool in the West is small, or that it is in the hands of men who can afford to hold it, higher prices may be looked for, but the stringency in the money market, which is working westward, may force holders to send their wool forward, which would prevent an advance.

In other grades of wool there is no change to note. Pulled, and the poorer grades of fleece, are in ample supply for the condition of the market, and the demand is light. Manufacturers generally complain of dull times and a drug, and not anxious to buy wool except at low figures.

Foreign wools are selling very slowly, holders being unwilling

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ We never can say too much about *The Nursery*, published by John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield St. The number for November has many of the finest stories, and is overflowing with the prettiest pictures we have ever seen. Then it is so cheap, and so eagerly expected by the infants, that we do not see how any parent can get along without it.

☞ Mr. Henry Hoyt of Cornhill, publishes a great variety of elegantly printed and bound stories for the young. He is very careful to select from the number offered him those of excellent moral tone, and he has a quick eye for the entertainment also of the large class for whom they are adapted. This week we have received *Father Muller*, or the Good Heart, from the German of Franz Hoffman; *Chew Alley*, or how to make Sunshine, by Mrs. C. E. K. Davis; *Aunt Lois*, by Mrs. Davis; he has also issued a beautifully illustrated book of stories for children, entitled the *New Picture Reading Book*. They are all nice presents for the juveniles.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE FERROL REVOLT.

Madrid, Oct. 16.—A despatch from Ferrol, yesterday, says that the brigate Victoria was hourly expected, and preparations were being made for an attack upon the insurrectionists by the combined land and sea forces. The municipal authorities of the place, however, requested the commander of the Government forces to suspend making his attack as negotiations for their surrender were in progress. The commander consented to wait until the afternoon, when, if the insurgents had not surrendered, he intended to attack them.

WHAT THE GENEVA AWARD SETTLES.

London, Oct. 16.—A suit brought against Thomas H. Dudley, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, by a man named Alcott, who entered as a seaman on the privateer Alabama, for compensation for detention at Liverpool as a witness, by the order of Mr. Dudley, at the time the Alabama sailed, has just been brought to a conclusion and resulted adversely to the plaintiff. The Court decided that the Geneva Tribunal had settled all questions connected with the Alabama case, and directed a verdict for the defendant.

THE NEW POSTAL TREATY APPROVED.

Paris, Oct. 17.—The postal treaty between France and the United States, reducing the rates of postage nearly one-half, has been approved by the State Council, and the French minister to the United States who will consider the pecuniary features of the treaty, and from whom a favorable report is expected. After that the early exchange of a ratification is anticipated.

THE FERROL REVOLT SUPPRESSED.

Madrid, Oct. 17.—The end of the revolt in Ferrol is officially announced. The insurgents, fearing the result of an attack, began to disperse during the night, which was dark and stormy. Some took refuge on board the vessels they had seized and sailed for Scijo. Others fled through the town under fire of the troops, and about a hundred were captured. The Government forces this morning entered the arsenal, meeting with no resistance. Four hundred insurgents remained within the walls, all of whom were made prisoners.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT—TWENTY-FOUR PERSONS INJURED.

London, Oct. 17.—A passenger train on the Eastern Counties Railway ran off the track near Kelvedon station, twelve miles from Clemsford, to-day. Ten cars were precipitated down an embankment and badly wrecked. Only one passenger, a lady, was killed outright. Twenty-three persons were injured, two or three of whom may die.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY ARBITRATION.

London, Oct. 18.—A special despatch to the *Times* from Berlin says: "Though the reports of the jurist-consults on the San Juan boundary question are ready, it is possible that the arbitration of Emperor William will be delayed for some time yet."

THE NEW POSTAL TREATY.

Paris, Oct. 18.—The postal treaty between France and the United States will soon be signed. M. Goulard, Minister of Finance, will open on the postal rates raised from forty to forty-five centimes per ten grammes, and he differs from the Postal Department slightly on the question of transit, but President Thiers has interposed to reconcile all differences of opinion and smooth the way to a final ratification of the treaty.

THE GERMAN TROOPS.

Only the bulk of the German force in Marne and Upper Marne is to be withdrawn. Small detachments will remain at important points after the 25th inst. The winter quarters of the Germans in the other departments are not yet completed.

LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATION OF THE LATE WAR.

Paris, Oct. 19.—A Paris special states that the Deputies to the Assembly have recently held secret meetings at which the majority favored a thorough investigation of the causes of the recent war with Germany, and on the meeting of the Assembly a resolution will be introduced to this effect preparatory to the impeachment of the Imperial Ministers on a charge of having provoked war with Prussia.

BONAPARTIST INTRIGUES.

It is rumored in Paris that President Thiers is in receipt of information relative to a threatened Imperialist reaction. It is stated that the Bonapartists in different parts of the country are still actively intriguing against the Government, and a strict surveillance is being kept upon suspected parties. Severe measures will be taken by the Government, and several known to be implicated will be arrested.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD ON REPUBLICANISM.

Count de Chambord has written a letter protesting against the establishment of a Republic as a permanent form of government. He says: "The monarchy alone can save France. There is no difference between the party of violence which promises peace to men while it declares war on God, and those prudent men who seek to obtain the same ends by covert means."

DEATH OF D'AUBIGNE.

Geneva, Oct. 21.—Rev. Jean Henri Morle d' Aubigne, the celebrated historian of the Reformation, died suddenly to-day in this city. He was seventy-eight years of age.

LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE—MR. STANLEY BANQUETTED.

London, Oct. 22.—Miss Agnes Livingstone, daughter of Dr. Livingstone, has published a letter from her father, which he says he has twice written two letters to Mr. Bennett. I mean to keep the materials to myself, but because the expedition was expensive I gave Stanley what would help him to write a book. In his hands it is harmless, for Americans are good and generous friends." The Royal Geographical Society gave a banquet to Stanley last night. Many of the nobility and a number of American gentlemen were present. Among the latter Mr. Moran, United States Charge d'Affaires, and Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) the humorist. Mr. Moran replied to a toast in honor of the President of the United States.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN ENGLAND.—With the cold weather in England has come a sensible diminution of the foot and mouth disease among cattle; although it is still very prevalent, and there are large numbers of new cases. In some divisions of the county of Dorset, 15,341 cases were reported during the first week of October. In Northumberland the returns are more unsatisfactory than previously. The returns are brought down to the 29th of September. The number of cattle suffering from the disease at the time of the last return was 3722; attacked since, 6893; dead 81; recovered, 6746; re-maining diseased, 3961. Sheep—Number diseased at last return, 24,670; attacked since, 40,200; dead, 96; recovered, 43,961; remaining diseased, 18,253.

ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH.—A meeting of the proprietors of Arlington street Church was held on Sunday, after the morning services. The committee appointed to wait on Rev. J. F. W. Ware preseuted their report, which was accepted. The report was accompanied by a letter from Mr. Ware, accepting the invitation of the society to become its pastor. Mr. Ware will enter on the duties of the parish the first Sunday in November.

New Advertisements.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S

Ready Relief

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR.

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN?

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY,

That instantly stops the most excruciating pain, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

Radway's Ready Relief,

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys,
Inflammation of the Bladder.
Inflammation of the Bowels.
Congestion of the Lungs.
Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing.
Palpitation of the Heart.
Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria.
Catarrh, Influenza.
Headache, Toothache.
Neuralgia, Rheumatism.
Colds, Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure **Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.**

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Has made the Most Astonishing Cures. So quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE

Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the SARSPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the blood, sweat, urine, life, for it requires the waste of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, syphilis, consumption, glandular diseases, ulcers in the throat and mouth, tumors, nodes in the glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the Curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the waste and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain: for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing. Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposit, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the Back and along the Loins.

Tumors of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BEVERLY, Mass., July 16, 1867.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors said there was no help for it. I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. HANNAH P. KNAPP.

WORMS.

The only safe and sure remedy for TAPE, PIN, and WORMS of all kinds.

Price $1 Per Bottle

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

From a prominent gentleman and resident of Cincinnati, O., for the past forty years well known to the book publishers throughout the United States:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1870.

DR. RADWAY: Dear Sir—I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of the working of your medicine on myself. For several years I have been afflicted with some trouble in the bladder and urinary organs, which some twelve months ago culminated in a most terribly affecting disease, which the physicians all said was a prostatic stricture in the urethra, as also inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and gave it as their opinion that my age—73 years—would prevent my ever getting radically cured. I had tried a number of physicians, and had taken a large quantity of medicine, both allopathic and homeopathic, but got no relief. I had read of astonishing cures having been made by your remedies: and some four months ago read a notice in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* of a cure having been effected on a person who had long been suffering as I had been. I went right off and got some of each: your Sarsaparillian Resolvent, Ready Relief, and Regulating Pills—and commenced taking them. In three days I was greatly relieved, and now feel as well as ever.

C. W. JAMES, Cincinnati, O.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT

PURGATIVE AND REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Chokings or Suffering Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

READ

"False and True."

Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 82, Warren corner Church Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent you.

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Corner of Devonshire & Water Streets, BOSTON.

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With liberty of increase to **$1,000,000.**

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THE STANDARD

still "waves" and is on the point of being introduced to a multitude of SINGING SCHOOLS now to commence. The authors are L. O. EMERSON of Boston, and H. R. PALMER of Chicago, mither of whom will be satisfied with less than

Twice the Ordinary Circulation

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Special inducements to the country trade.

Horse cars from all depots pass within a few steps of our store.

The public are invited to call. We never ask people to buy, but are pleased to show our goods.

Letters of inquiry answered with pleasure.

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Time Tests the Merits of All Things.

1840 Over Thirty Years 1872

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

HAS been tested in every variety of climate, and by all nations of every nation known to American. It is the constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and traveller on sea or land, and no one should travel on our *Lakes or Rivers* without it.

Since the PAIN-KILLER was first introduced, and met with such unbounded success, many *Liniments, Kolorfy, Pain-eazas*, and other *Remedies* have been offered to the public, but not one of them has ever attained the truly *enviable standing* of the PAIN-KILLER.

WHY IS THIS SO?

It is because DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is what it claims to be a Reliever of Pain.

Its Merits are Unsurpassed.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, *Twenty to Thirty Drops in a Little Water* will almost instantly cure you. There is nothing to equal it for

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heartburn, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

In sections of the country where

Fever and Ague

prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem. Persons travelling should keep it by them. A few drops in water, will prevent sickness or bowel troubles from change of water.

From foreign countries the calls for PAIN-KILLER are great. It is found to

Cure Cholera when all other Remedies fail.

WHEN USED EXTERNALLY AS A LINIMENT, soothing gives quick relief in *Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Stings from Insects and Scalds.* It removes the fire and the wound heals like ordinary sores. Those suffering with Rheumatism, or Neuralgia, if a positive cure, and they find the PAIN-KILLER gives them relief when no other remedy will.

It gives Instant Relief from Aching Teeth.

Every Housekeeper should keep it at hand, and apply it on the first attack of any pain. It will give satisfactory relief, and save hours of suffering.

Do not trifle with yourselves by using untried remedies. Be sure you call for and get the genuine PAIN-KILLER, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

☞ Directions accompany each bottle.

PRICE 25 CTS., 50 CTS., AND $1 PER BOTTLE.

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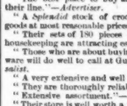

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STONES FOR MACHINISTS, FARMERS, CARPENTERS AND GLASS CUTTERS,

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Automatic Stock Pump.

ANIMALS CAN PUMP THE WATER THEY DRINK.

Send for a circular. Address,

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Gentlemen, Look!!

CLOTHING can be made to look as well as new. J. and D. Harrell are prepared to Cleanse and Repair all kinds of Gentlemen's Garments and will remove spots such as Tar, Pitch, Paint, &c., &c., also Ladies Cloaks and Sacks cleansed. Prices, over coats $1.50; under coats $1.25; pants 75 cents; vest 50 cents; ladies cloaks $1.50; ladies sacks $1.25.

No. 42 Elm street, upone flight; between Hanover street and Dock Square.

Customers may have their garments sent for and returned. sep28-13t

CLOTHES WRINGERS,

From $3 to $12.

Washing Machines,

From $5 to $15.

Wringers of all kinds Repaired or Exchanged.

H. S. THAYER'S,

42 Elm Street.

ap6-52t Entrance from the yard of Wild's Hotel.

Milk Farm Wanted.

A YOUNG Man wants to hire a Milk Farm with Stock and Tools. Please address, giving full particulars, JOSEPH C. CREIGHTON, sep21-26t Mason, N. H.

For Sale.

ONE PURE JERSEY BULL, two years old, large and docile. Pedigree given. Inquire of SAM'L N. WOOD, Lowell. Mass., Or at his Farm, West Billerica. Lowell, Oct 9th, 1872. oct19-4t

Imported Ayrshires.

THE Subscribe has recently imported Thirty (30) head of Ayrshires, selected from the choice herds of Scotland, and offers a few Cows, Bull and Heifer Calves for sale. Catalogues on application.

M. H. COCHRANE, Compton, P. Q., Canada.

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Free to Book Agents.

AN ELEGANTLY BOUND CANVASSING BOOK for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains nearly 500 fine Scripture illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, etc., and we will show you what our agents are doing. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philada., Pa. oct5-4t

AUTUMN 1872.

THE LARGEST and most CAREFULLY SELECTED Stock of

COMBINED

Cider Mills & Presses

APPLE AND GRAPE GRINDERS,
WINE AND CIDER PRESSES,
CIDER MILL SCREWS,
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APPLE PARERS,
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CRANBERRY RAKES,
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FARMERS' BOILERS,

Horse Powers, Sawing Machines, Corn Shellers, Root Cutters, Fialls, Harrows, Ploughs, Meat Choppers Sausage Stuffers, Stable Furniture, Grindstones, Handles of all kinds, Shovels, Axes, Picks, Barrows, etc., etc.

—AT—

JOSEPH BRECK & SON'S,

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

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sep14-7t

PRINDLE'S Agricultural Steamer

HAS not yet found its equal for the combined qualities of safety, durability, utility and economy.

For cooking feed for stock, and for general purposes about the Dairy and Piggery.

Perfectly Safe in Unskilled Hands.

We have the past season added a Wood Grate, and a Boiler Shell on the other side, which is found to be of great advantage. This Flue can be fitted to any steamer of our making at small cost, and with it we are able to get up steam with thirty gallons of water, in thirty minutes, by the use of thirty-three pounds of wood, and a good fire remaining. This steamer can be had of any responsible dealer—but if not found, address as below.

Directions for Cooking Food and use of the Steamer.

In setting the steamer, get a good draft, and let it be near the work to be done, and where water in abundance is at hand to wet the fodder; and fill the lower portion of the boiler but half full of water or even less for short jobs.

To Cook Hay.—Cut it, wet it well, put it in tight, upright tanks, or casks with false bottom and tight cover, press it down firmly, pass the steam in under the false bottom and cook until done.

To Cook Corn.—Soak as many barrels half full as you wish to cook from fifteen to twenty-four hours, turn on steam and cook until done, when the barrels should be full.

To Make Mush.—Fill as many barrels half full of water as you wish to make barrels of mush, bring the water near r to a boil by passing the steam to the bottom stir in each barrel 1 ½ to 1 3-4 bushels of meal till well mixed, then cook until done, when the barrels should be full.

To Cook Vegetables.—Fill the barrels full, and if no other cover is at hand, chop the top fine with a knife then cover them over with bran, meal or provender, and cook until done; have holes in the bottom of the barrels to carry off condensed steam.

To Scald Hogs.—Set a cask, (if a box is not used) on an inclined plane, pass your steam to the bottom of the water until sufficiently hot.

To Wash Clothing.—Pass the steam into your tub of water as it is used, with soap and clothes, and they are boiled after by steam in the tub or any wooden vessel without fear of rust.

To Scald Churns or Cans.—Put a small quantity of water into the article, pass the steam pipe to the bottom, put a cloth around the top, and turn on the steam. Milk pans can be scalded in a tub.

In all cases pass the steam to the bottom to boil any substance, and shut off steam or take out the pipes when the cooking is done, as the boiler in cooling draws the substance into it and the pipes. Full directions for use sent with each steamer.

Prize Essays on Cooking and Cooked Food for Stock, with Circular, containing price, Capacity, directions for use, etc., forwarded, postage paid on receipt of twenty cents. Circulars sent free.

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Nos. 614 & 616 Market Street,

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FOR SALE OR TO EXCHANGE,

FOR A

FIRST CLASS FARM!

(Worcester County preferred.)

A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE,

ELEVEN MILES OUT.

A new two story house and two story L, slated roof, 12 rooms, (7 chambers,) rooms very high studded, and conveniently arranged; pianos with balustrade in front; bay windows in both stories, also bay window in South side; extra closet from, parlor finished in butternut; black walnut stair rail and baluster; new Magee Furnace No. 5, water in kitchen; new stable, clapboarded and painted, with cellar. 5 acres prime land, some fruit. The buildings stand on elevated ground affording a fine view of the country for miles around; one of the most desirable locations in the vicinity of Boston; neighborhood excellent; 7 minutes walk from Needham Depot, Churches, Stores, and first-rate Schools, in the different grades.

Needham is a thriving and remarkably healthy town; 10 trains daily each way between Boston and Needham (Albany Station.) Price $12,000; Easy terms.

JAMES GRAY,

23 Tremont Row, Boston.

oct19-3t

VILLAGE FARM

—AND—

RETAIL MILK ROUTE FOR SALE,

IN BROOKFIELD, MASS.,

On R. & A. R. R.—45 acres, will keep 35 cows through the year; will produce $4000 worth of milk annually and a large amount of other produce; house 2 stories high, South side; extra closet for bacco; as a milk farm it cannot be excelled in the State; large house, 15 rooms, bay windows; very pleasantly situated with beautiful view; very near churches, schools, depot, etc.; this is a rare chance to secure property that is producing a large profit. Brookfield is one of the most beautiful and thriving villages in the State, with good public buildings, public library, high school, etc.; the entire milk business can be changed to suit anyone who will buy, on easy terms. Apply to H. L. KING, on the premises, or to A. H. KING, O. C. & N. R. R. Freight House, Boston. oct12-3t*

For Sale.

Three lots of Land, viz: Mr HOME FARM, situated in the centre of Princeton, Worcester Co., Mass., two miles from Depot, near our two large summer resorts, containing 141 acres, 90 acres pasture rg and wood, 50 mowing, all cut with a machine, 75 Pear Trees, 200 Apple Trees, good buildings, running water to House and Barn.

2d. Wachusett Mountain, in Princeton, containing 60 acres, 400 covered with wood and timber.

3d. Jones Hill, 100 acres, 75 pasturing 25 mowing, all cut with a machine, and sold with the Farm, if desired. Ap29-tf JOHN BROOKS, Princeton, Mass.

For Sale or Exchange,

Farm in Chester, N. H., 76 acres good land, plenty Fruit and Wood, ten acres suitable for Cranberries; House 30x48 feet, 2 stories, Barn 30x40, with cellar; Shed 16x44 connects house with barn, all in good repair; 35 tons hay in barn; milk sold at door. Would like to exchange Farm, Stock, Crops and Tools for place within ten miles of Boston.

Address H. G. O. HAWKES,
sep21-tf Chester, N. H.

Milk Farm for Sale.

ONE of the best Farms in Old Concord, Mass, containing 100 acres. One mile from depot, on the Fitchburg Railroad, near churches, schools, etc., one hours' ride from Boston. House with large elm and evergreen trees in front; good Barn and Tool House. One-half acre best Concord Grapes, large Asparagus bed, 300 choice Pear and Apple Trees, etc. For further particulars, inquire of Samuel Staples, Old Concord, or of the Subscriber at No. 25 North Market Street, Boston.

jan20-tf J. W. BALDWIN.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—Boston is more than **$300** and we make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, at of whom under **100 per ct.** profit. We have over 500 Agents, to all of whom we give Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c., some of whom you may know, using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

jan20-52t

FLOWER ROOTS FROM HOLLAND.

Plant now for Spring Flowers.

I have just imported 600 varieties of DUTCH BULBS. Send for a catalogue, free to all; the price list will be found less than any other house in the trade.

I deliver bulbs at your post office free of postage.

Order early and address.

oct5-4t R. T. WELLS, 3 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Wanted.

MARRIED MAN on a Stock Farm; Wife to take charge of Dairy.

Address, stating terms and references, to

oct19-tf Box No. 921, Boston.

Carrots for Sale.

BY the Carload or Ton. Parties wishing to purchase will send in their orders before November 1st.

Address N. N. COLE,
oct12-3t Bristol, R. I.

BISHOP SOULE'S LINIMENT.

TRY IT, and you would not be without it in your house for ten times its cost.

Price 75 cts and $1,50 per bottle.

For sale by all Druggists. 13t-oct19

Avoid Quacks.

A VICTIM of early indiscretion causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers Address,

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CIDER MILLS.

500 HUTCHINSON'S No. 1 CIDER AND WINE MILLS.
200 HUTCHINSON'S No. 2 CIDER AND WINE MILLS, with two hoops.
100 EXCELSIOR CIDER AND WINE MILLS, with two hoops.
100 AMERICAN CIDER AND WINE MILLS, with two hoops.
100 YOUNG AMERICAN CIDER AND WINE MILLS with two hoops.
100 HUCKOK'S CIDER AND WINE MILLS, with two hoops, large and strong.
100 WHITMAN'S CIDER AND WINE MILLS, with two hoops.
CAST IRON APPLE GRINDERS, DANIELS' IMPROVED CIDER MILLS.
The above is the largest and best assortment of CIDER MILLS to be found in this country.
10 Sizes of Cider and Wine Presses. Wrought and Cast Cider Mill Screws of all sizes.
500 DOZEN TURN TABLE APPLE PARERS.
200 DOZEN LIGHTNING APPLE PARERS.
100 DOZEN PARERS, CORERS AND SLICERS.
50 DOZEN FLAILS.

Hay Cutters, Corn Shellers, Corn Crackers, Weather Vanes, Molds' and Farmers' Steam Boilers, Stable Furniture, Vegetable Cutters, Fanning Mills, Nishwitz Patent Harrow and other Harrows, Water Drawers, Corn Knives, Wringing Machines, Cucumber Wood Pumps, Churns, Dexter and other Wheel Jacks, Plows, Plow Castings, Grindstones, Coffee and Spice Mills, Ox and Cattle Chains, Cranberry Rakes, etc., etc., with a complete assortment of all kinds of

TOOLS AND MACHINES

for the farm.

All for sale at the lowest cash prices. Send or circulars of Cider Mills, and come and see the Machines before purchasing.

PARKER & CANNETT,

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE,

Nos. 49 North Market Street, and
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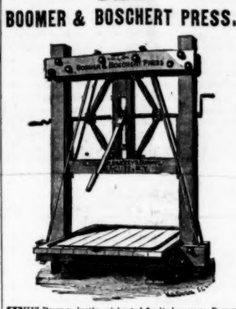
THE

BOOMER & BOSCHERT PRESS.



THIS Press so justly celebrated for its immense Power, Compactness, and Durability, is Simple, Compact and Easily worked by one man. Since the first issue of the Patent, many valuable improvements have been made, making it as at present constructed, the most powerful and Cheapest Cider Press known.

Its Superiority is conceded by all who have seen it operate and when brought in direct Competition with other Presses, has in every instance received the preference.

As will be seen by the above Cut the power is produced by a combination of the screw, the lever and knuckle joint. The Screw being self-adjusting, right and left hand, playing between the arms of the knuckle joint, drawing them to a perpendicular and accumulating power unparalleled, as the pomace of the cheese becomes dense.

It has five times the power of the old screw press, while it is far more easily worked; this added to the fact that one man can do more and better work than three with the old style press, is a sufficient reason for bringing it into universal use.

Two Sizes, 10 and 20 Barrel Presses are made. With our 10 Barrel Press, 10 barrels of Cider can be made every four hours, while five hours only is required to press 20 barrels, with our large size.

We also manufacture Presses for paper, lard and tallow scraps and other purposes.

We append a few of the letters received, where our Presses are in use:

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"Its Power is enormous, is easily worked and those with its cheapness and durability compel us to accord to it the very *first* place among presses."

PALMER, ANDERSON & CO.

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"I have used one of your 10 Barrel Cider Presses for the past two seasons, and say without hesitation that I would not part with it at any price if I could not get another like it." A. J. LOOMIS.

NORTH SCRIBA, OSWEGO CO., N. Y.

"We believe it to be the true principle for a press.

J. O. DONNELLY,
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SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 15, 1872.

MESSRS. BOOMER & BOSCHERT.—GENTS:—The No. 2 Press we have in our Establishment, gives entire satisfaction. It is easy to operate and quickly adjusted. The pressure obtained with one man at the lever, is greater than we could get from the common screw press, with four or five men. It is just the Press that Printers and Book-Binders have long needed; and it will no doubt take the place of hydraulic presses, both on account of its cheapness and the rapidity with which the pressure can be applied.

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It is the cheapest and best Press we can find in the market.

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Its the best Cider Press ever invented, and no man can afford to make cider with any other.

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Its power is perfectly wonderful, and a boy can work it.

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—OF—

Foreign and Domestic CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

MATTIN

The Poet's Corner.

NOCTURNE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

In the soft, starless summer night,
No murmur swims along the air,
Wrapped in her dim and dusty veil
Earth seems to slumber everywhere.

All the still dews in hiding lie,
With unrobbed sweetness droops the rose,
Nor up nor down the garden walks
A slight or stealthy zephyr blows.

Darkness and hush, profoundest peace;
The falling leaf forgets to float;
When with one deep and mighty throb
Along the headland strikes the note!—

Strikes with the awful undertone
Of some great storm's tremendous blast,
That far through white mid-seas ploughs on
To scream around a broken mast!

But here the swell shall heave to shore
A muffled music, till it seem
The trouble of the sea become
Only the burden of a dream!

— Atlantic Monthly for November.

Ladies' Department.

ELISE.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS.

Why the planners of the town of Graf should have crowded it down into the narrow V, formed by the river and the creek, only their witless ghosts can divine. On the other side of both the broad, glittering streams stretch miles of level meadow still unoccupied; and on the high mountainous ledges, back of the town, are plateaus, which would furnish commanding sites for the noblest dwellings. But in the century and a half which has passed over the old town, it has not made one step forward, but lies between the waters, motionless, while the low-built houses grow and gather over it, like barnacles on the hull of a wreck.

We were so used to crowding that when Poyntz & Sons, after they had finished their huge granaries, capped them with miniature dwelling houses, nobody was surprised. The effect was not bad. The graneries were built against a bank some fifty feet in height, at the side of the creek; so that, while their wide doors, about which floated a swarm of rafts and skiffs, opened on the water, their flat roofs were level with the upper street. The little three-roomed dwellings edged this street, and, instead or gardens or yards, at the back, rejoiced in a great sweep of gravelled roof. With such disadvantages, only the poorest class of renters could be expected to occupy them. It was greatly to Jenny's surprise, therefore, when, from our piazza, we saw a gentleman going in and out of the lower of them, day after day.

"Indisputably a gentleman," Jenny said, "and a foreigner. There he is now, looking at our bed of pansies. In the white linen suit. Do you see?"

We all came to see. In a town as secluded as Graf we give to human nature in our neighbors the study and time which in cities are diffused over the worlds of art, music, books, or politics. I do not say, that the effect upon ourselves is a whit less kindly or softening. Our neighbor, in this instance, had a fine face, and unmistakably gentle bearing. We soon grew familiar with both, as in his morning and evening walks, he never failed to stop at the garden fence, to look at the flowers, "which he thoroughly understands," Jenny decided. "He never fails to see the rare specimens." The walks seemed undertaken with no other object than simply to pass the time. When he returned, the door of the little brick house was shut, and there was no further sign that it was inhabited. One day, however, he appeared with a woman leaning on his arm; (one did not say, at first sight a lady) a sallow, square shouldered, homely woman, whose cheap, muslin dress hung with an odd sort of a grace about her. She showed white teeth when she smiled, and she smiled very often, with a curious change of expression, looking gayly up into her husband's face, and seeing nothing apparently of the street or passers by. Two children toddled alongside, dressed in coats made out of an old shawl, muffled and swathed, indeed, in such a strange fashion, that Jenny waxed indignant, glancing at her own belaced and embroidered baby, protesting that one could not tell whether they were boys or girls.

"They are girls," said Matthias, who had just come into the garden. Matthias was a red headed Scotch lad, employed as shipping clerk in the granaries. My mother often found him useful, in the matter of business errands. A house full of women needs an outside official of that kind.

"Who are they, Matthias?" demanded Jenny. "What do you know of them?"

"I take my meals with them," said Matthias, sententiously. "The man furnishes dinner and supper to four of us. Sends it down through a trap door in the roof—generally hot, but running a good deal to soup. Madame is teaching Latin to Gross in the evening. He says she is a better teacher than the professor in the college, and he pays her but half price.

"They are Italians, then?"

"No, French. Le Maistre, or some such name, from Jamaica. Madame has hired a piano, and Gross has found her two pupils."

"And monsieur, what of him?"

"Oh, he is her husband! He cannot speak a word of English," with ineffable contempt.

"You are talking of Le Maistre," said Leonard, who came up at the moment. "I do not know when I have had such sympathy for any man. A gentleman, as you see; thoroughly cultured; lost his estates; came to the United States to pick up gold from the streets. With every qualification for a high place in society, here he is, utterly useless—a mere wreck upon the shore.

"His wife has landed on the shore on her feet, it appears," said Jenny, dryly. "Who does her washing for her, Matthias?"

"Herself. They keep no servant."

"Why, those white linen suits of his are exquisite. Would that my collars could find such a gloss! Changed, too, twice a day."

"Your eyes let nothing escape!" said Leonard, with annoyance.

"I am going to call on Madame, to-morrow. Very probably I shall become one of her pupils," said Jenny.

All of which plans Jenny carried into effect, with her accustomed promptness. I do not believe Madame, as we all began to call her, improved either Jenny's touch or time on the piano. Jenny was undoubtedly the best musician of the two. But she was so indefatigable!—her good humor so indomitable! The two stupid pupils whom Gross had found, children of the "boss" at the mill tempted by the quarter price, drummed and banged away, hour after hour, and left her smiling as when they began.

"Madame is going to take pupils in dancing," said Jenny one day. "Some other children from the mill."

"But this is too much!" cried Leonard, indignantly. Consider her husband's feelings. Why, Le Maistre is noble, and of a very different stock, I assure you, from these petty counts who come over in shoals to New York."

"Let her teach the whole mill to dance, if she can," Jenny said with a shrug. "Better that than to starve."

"Is it really so bad as that?" lowering his voice.

"It could not well be worse. Half of what she makes always goes to her father and sister in Philadelphia."

Leonard put his hand into his pocket, changing color.

"Jenny?"

"No! Certainly not!" nodding her head, emphatically. "I dare not hint such a thing. You do not know Madame."

Assuredly, never by word or look did the Le Maistres betray any consciousness that they were not living in the purple with Dives, though the good woman's face might be hunger bitten as that of Lazarus. They always came to our music or chess parties, or to Jenny's Wednesday evenings, M. Le Maistre's dark face radiant above his ancient, faded uniform, and his wife, in her crisp, cheap muslin, and a red rose in her breast, gay and easy as though robed like a princess. She had her evenings, too.

"You have not made me the honor of a visit, in my salon?" she would say to every new acquaintance. "But it shall be, n' est-ce pas? on the Saturdays, as it is said, 'after tea.'"

I can remember nothing more ludicrous than the bewilderment of one village aristocrat after another at being ushered into the salon, and finding it to be the whitewashed ten-by-twelve lower room of the granary buildings, carpetless, furnished only by a dozen cane seated chairs, a hired piano, and an exquisite ivory miniature, hung over the chimney piece, on the back of which was enameled a ducal coat of arms, and which had the faded red ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honor twisted about the nail. The spasmodic jerks, too, with which the portly mill owners and their wives, seated in a row, on the Windsor chairs, endeavored to "make talk;" their precipitate falls into stolid silence; the confusion of face with which, when the supreme moment had arrived, the time for refreshments, they received a glass of sugared water and crackers, handed about on a soup plate. To see the puzzled solemnity with which they watched M. Le Maistre dispense their viands, with a cordial grace, quite unaware, apparently, they were neither entrements of Soyer, nor sherbet from Bagdad! Generally, before the feast was over, their perplexity had given place to a saturnine contempt. That there were in the world any idiots that could be generously gay and abjectly poor at the same time, could only be excused by the fact that they were French. But that any man or woman could consider themselves on a level with good society in Graf, who lived on bare floors, and whose stock in crockery consisted of half a dozen soup plates, was an anomaly in human nature, which Graf resented as impious.

The Le Maistres saw nothing of all this, however. They had certainly been born into the world with the fancy that they had been there before, for they met every body, peer or peasant, grocer, butcher, baker, or the dog on the street, as an old, scarcely forgotten friend. If they jarred against vulgarity, or met with coarse rebuffs, they never betrayed a consciousness of it.

"My pupils do begin to know the scale!" Madame cried joyfully to me, one evening, as I found them seated on a bench on the gravelled roof of the granary, turning rapidly to her husband, as usual, to translate her words, though he always smiled and listened deferentially to the English, his face changing with every expression of hers. "My little Elise will be so happy to note their progress. Elise, Mademoiselle Besancon, my sister, Madame. Have I not told you that she comes to-morrow?"

"Et M. Bensancon," added M. le Maistre, eager to bear his part when it was possible. "He comes also, Madame. We have a house to-morrow of joy!"

"*Ma petite Elise*," continued Madame le Maistre, "will be charmed with this stream—creek, you call it? And the mountains! Ah-h!" clasping her hands as she looked up at the dark shadow of the peak against the red sky. Her eyes were full of tears; she turned them quickly on her husband. I understood then that the lights and shadows in these waters and hills had been a real solace to these people in their extremity. In Graf we rated them as mill power and timber land.

"Mademoiselle Besancon," I said, "will assist you with your pupils?"

For the first time I saw Madame's face lose its gay, sweet smile. She colored proudly.

"*Non*, Madame," she said gravely. "You mistake. My sister is demoiselle. *Ce'st impossible.*"

The Besancons arrived the next day. That evening the old gentlemen made his first visit to us with his son-in-law, and, after that, eight o'clock always found him seated on the piazza. I fancy he saw the salon with the same eyes as the Graf magnates, and cared little for creeks or mountains. He was a round, pursy little man, always dressed in mulberry color, with an assertant pair of gold eye glasses astride of his flat nose. His white hair, that hung in a fringe about his bald head, had an effect of having grown old too early, and left the rest of his body behind.

"Madame," he whispered, confidentially, on his first visit. "These changes tear my soul! Had you but seen Madame le Maistre in her chateau! And now! Her hands—They are the hands of a servant! Have you considered the robes of her infanta? They are execrable! My daughter and Monsieur le Maistre are young; they are indifferent to these things. But I have no strength to bear them. I have the sensibility—ah, too much!" laying his hand upon his breast.

No one was especially impressed by the old gentleman's pathos except Matthias, who listened with deep compassion, and presently proposed to the sufferer a game of cards. Matthias was now junior partner of the firm, and his evenings were unemployed. The game of cards established itself, therefore, as a fixed habi: every night. It was curious to see the credulity and sympathy with which the dry, reticent Scotchman, who was staggardly in expressing his own emotions as he was in spending his pennies, accepted the unceasing outpoor of the Frenchman's confidences. I remembered the old alliance between their nations, and understood that certain antagonism which had made one a necessity for the other.

Mademoiselle Besancon never came even to our house unguarded by her sister. She was a short, plump girl, of about twenty-four, a soft, fair likeness of Madame, and made a not unpleasing picture as she sat in the corner, shy and silent, blushing when spoken to suddenly. The Graf young ladies, half a dozen years her juniors, who had been managing their own love affairs since babyhood, invited her to their parties, and stood dumb with amazement when she came chaperoned by both sister and father, who never left her side, often answered for her, and supplied her with opinions.

"Is she then an imbecile?" cried our emancipated young ladies.

One power at least she had, that of expressing herself in music with grace and delicacy. One after another of the girls begged to become her pupils. But Elise, in her quiet, soft way, gave the same answer as her sister,

"It is impossible. I am not married. I!"

I was glad to perceive that the white, pink palmed hands grew rough and hard by degrees. At least her high prerogative as demoiselle did not hinder her from carrying some of her sister's heavy burdens at home. Her father found his prerogative of age an equally safe basis. Leonard, full of an American's compassion for an idle man dependant on a woman, proposed a clerkship in the granaries—a travelling agency in the South. But M. Besancon lifted his mulberry colored shoulders, and let fall the despondent corners of his mouth.

"Ah, my best friend! I am sixty! I have been free from servitude all my life. My neck is too stiff to learn the yoke!"

One evening a reason for this contented poverty came out. We were all gathered on the piazza, watching the children chasing each other over the grass. The twilight was cool, after a sultry day, and the air full of the scents of late roses and the honeysuckle.

"It is a thousand pities," said Madame Besancon said to Leonard, sniffing the air in his expanded nostrils. "The gravel roof with my daughter wearies me into the grave. When my little Elise is married, I will fly to her—of that you may be sure."

Matthias who was nailing a vine to the wall, stopped short, hammer in hand. Surprised glances passed from one to another. Jenny exclaimed, in her impetuous way, "I did not know that Mademoiselle Besancon ——" And then checked herself.

"Was fiances? But certainly," he continued, calmly. "I could not so neglect my child as to leave her future unassured."

Meanwhile Elise, who ordinarily blushed at a look, sat placid and unmoved, as though the discussion had been on the purchase of new gloves for her.

"My sister," said Madame, gently, "has been long betrothed to the cousin of M. le Maistre. It is a family arrangement. They have never seen each other." Her face kindled. "It will be a very desirable alliance. Elise has no *dot*."

Mademoiselle Besancon shook her head smiling, with a gesture of her empty hands.

"Our customs are so different!" stammered Jenny.

The rest were silent. But Matthias came up the steps, and stood in front of Madame le Maistre. His face had grown pale, which made his hair appear more firely red.

"Then—then she does not love the man?" he said harshly.

Madame glanced shrewdly up at him, and, with ready tact, fluttered over to her sister.

"Elise, suffer our friends to behold Auguste. *La, la! Merci, mon enfin! Le voila*, Madame!" placing in my hand the locket which mademoiselle had taken from her neck.

I glanced at it, and passed it to Jenny. Matthias, who usually was the most diffident of lads, took it from her, and stood gazing steadily at the dark, handsome face, his own changing into a more defiant ugliness. Yet the poor boy, in that moment, for the first time, asserted his manhood; and to me, it appeared of a rare and admirable quality.

"My sister and M. le Maistre have been known to each other by reputation from childhood," continued Madame serenely to me, with a side glance on Matthias. "They have also exchanged letters."

Matthias at the moment crossed the piazza, to where Elise sat, meek and calm, her hands folded idly on her pale blue muslin. I had never seen him address her before. He held out the miniature to her.

"He has a gallant face," he said, in a grave, earnest way. "A soldier?"

Elise bowed.

"Noble I think she said? With the—the education, doubtless, and manners that belong to that birth?"

The poor fellow's eyes were fixed on her face with a quiet despair pitiable to see.

Mademoiselle Besancon was looking at him. The woman in her came to the surface—the reserve of education was for once thrust aside. There was a curious trouble in her dark eyes. I fancied her firm chin trembled. "It may be as you say, monsieur. I do not know."

Matthias held out the locket to her. "I did not know that your future was assured, as your father says, mademoiselle?" he said, passionately, quite regardless that we stood near him. "I'm sure it is quite right—quite right! But I thought you were poor as I—that—— I am very sorry to have disturbed you. I——"

She did not take the locket, but, with her hands still folded, looked into his eyes, with the fright and wonder of a startled child, and some deeper meaning which I could not solve.

"I did not mean to be rough, God knows," said the poor lad, as her face grew paler. "I'm but an unthought fellow. Don't think of it again, mademoiselle. It don't matter."

He let the locket fall upon her lap, and turned hastily away. The next moment we saw him, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, going down to the granaries.

"He descends to his wheat and bran, *le bon Matthern!*" said Madame, with a light laugh. Mademoiselle Besancon, I noticed, looked after him gravely. She did not touch the locket. It lay in her lap, until Madame slipped it into her own pocket, with a peremptory,

"Go, my child, to your father! In the garden below. He attends you with our friends."

"But," I said, when we were left alone, "I cannot but ask, with the good Matthias—if she should not love the man?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "Would you have an innocent girl love a man until she was married to him? Respect—esteem. That is just; but more than that—it is not unwomanly, madame. I see your American girls. They run here, they run there, heart in hand. They throw it high or low, like a ball; in the mire, sometimes—what does it matter? In France, a maiden's heart is guarded like a rose, until a place is found for it to bloom in safety. I did see my Louis but one week before marriage, and—I am not an unhappy wife, *moi!*"

Her eyes were wet, as she turned them to me.

Two weeks afterward Madame entered the library, where Jenny sat sewing. We saw that she was laboring under some strong emotion. Her eyes shone, and her cheeks burned. But she went through the usual cordial inquiries, down to the state of my dog's leg, which was broken. Then, with her hands clasped, to keep them from trembling, she said,

"We go to leave you, good friends. Louis has received an appointment on the royal service at Paris. It will restore us to—to all we have lost. In a year or two he will regain his estates, so it is so assured to him by the government."

She scarcely seemed to hear our warm congratulations.

"I rejoice! Ah, that is certain! But we will leave you behind us. In all my life I have known no such friends. There have been days," lowering her voice to a whisper, "when, if it had not been for your faces, I could have died. It was heavy to bear!"

Jenny threw her arms around her sobbing. "We knew it, dear friend," she cried.

The next instant Madame burst into a gay laugh.

"But it will be so amusing to recount—look you! The gravel roof, and the hungry six of us, about the soup-plates full of—you call it mush? And the droll pupils!"

"And Elise?" I asked, presently.

"Ah! my father goes with us to New York, and thence to Martinique, where he will place Elise under the care of a friend, until her marriage is consummated. M. le Maistre meets her at Martinique."

In a week this queer little dwelling on top of the granaries was vacant, and its occupants dropped out of our lives as suddenly as they had entered them. Matthias went in and out, graver and dryer than before, but unchanged in all else. He seemed to have forgotten, or to have been unconscious of, his sudden outburst of passion and despair.

"Doubtless," said Jennie, "Mademoiselle Elise has forgotten both it and him, poor lad. Or, perhaps she finds it 'amusing to recount!' The French are all inexplicable conundrums to me." Jenny had not yet quite forgiven Madame for the sudden check to her own grain of sympathy.

I had a different opinion, securely founded on trifles, as a woman's opinion usually is. Madame had never thought it worth while, it is true, to refer to the scene on the piazza; but, by a pitying smile, and an occasi nal *Le pauvre Matthern!* But with Mademoiselle Elise it had been different. She had brought to me, the morning before they left, a book, with Matthias' name in it, which, it appeared, he had loaned to her. She asked if I would return it to him.

"I did not know that Matthias had been introducing you to our literature," I said smiling.

"Ah, *oui*, Madame," earnestly. "He was very kind. When I first came. I have not seen him since he knew my father considered me affianced. I fear it displeased him that I should carry the portrait of a man whom I had not ever seen? Think you? It seemed unwomanly to him—not modest?"

I made an evasive answer. The matter seemed to me too nearly one of life and death to these people to bear a meddling finger.

"I have put in the book a little paper," she said, with the same anxious gravity. "You will look at it, madame?"

It was only a white card, with the painting on it of an unopened rose-bud, one from a bush of wild Scotch roses, of which Matthias was fond, and a bit of heather.

"It is not a souvenir, you will perceive; it has no meaning. Only he has been very kind to me. And I would say good-by. You will tell him so, madame? It is not according to French custom that I do this," smiling at last. "But I shall follow your English custom for this time."

I gave the paper to Matthias, repeating her words, literally. He made no reply. But he nursed the poor little bush thereafter, as though it had been a live thing, dear to him.

Winter came, and went, and we heard but seldom from our old friends. Jenny was the idlest of correspondents.

"No doubt the Le Maistres are content, having regained their lost place; and the poor old father rejoices in Elise, and her husband, and chateau," she said, and so dismissed the matter from her mind.

One day in June, however, I received a letter from a friend, then traveling in the West Indian Islands, which gave a different bearing to affairs.

"I have heard, at last," he wrote, "of your friends, for whom you bade me inquire. They arrived here last October, and became the guests of a certain Madame Du Ponte, to whose nephew Mademoiselle Besancon, it appears, was betrothed. Madame Du Ponte is one of the most influential landholders on the island, and young Le Maistre an admirable match for a penniless, and (in public opinion) unattractive girl. He came here to meet her from Mexico, where he has some appointment. He is reported to be clever, witty, and cultured as to mind; for the rest, a generous, well-bred fellow. In some way, however, he failed to satisfy Mademoiselle Besancon's maiden fancy, for the marriage was delayed and delayed. So long delayed, indeed, that it became unpleasant for the young lady to remain longer an inmate of the house of his aunt, who was naturally chagrined at her nephew's inexplicable want of success. M. Bisancon and his daughter, therefore, went over to Jamaica during the winter, where young Le Maistre followed them, and urged his suit, without success. He was, I learn, obliged to return home, but is to be back some time during the next month, July. I learn, too, a vague rumor of a severe illness of M. Besancon's, which has been long continued, and is, it is feared, hopeless. But they have few friends, or even acquaintances on the island."

"She will marry him in July," pronounced Jenny, authoritively. "It is hardly to be supposed she would yield without some show of wooing, though the girl has a little mind of her own as is possible at her age."

It was to Jenny herself the next letter came. She came down with it to the library, unnaturally quiet, as she always was, when deeply agitated.

"I have wronged Elise Besancon," she said. "Read this, Leonard. I cannot."

"I write in haste," the letter ran, "to tell you of a terrible event, which has shocked the whole island, and in which your friend Mademoiselle Besancon has been the unfortunate actor. Her father is appears, lay ill for weeks, at a little village on the coast, near Port Antonio, where the girl nursed him with the poorest appliances of comfort. They met with but rough treatment from the ignorant villagers, and they had, I fear, but little money to smooth their way. It was impossible to remove the old man to France, as his daughter desired. He died at last, one night, and the poor girl, being quite alone and friendless, applied for leave to bury him the next morning, which was refused by the magistrate of the village—the dead man having been a Protestant. Perhaps money could have removed even this religious difficulty; but Elise was almost penniless—neither able to bribe the official nor to convey her dead out of their sight. All day she sat in the miserable inn-chamber where he died, keeping watch, fearing that some indignity should be done to the body. It so happened that I and Jasper, who were making the tour of the island, arrived at Anona on this very day, and, remembering that we had heard of the Besancons in the neighborhood, determined to look them up, in order to report to you. If we had but acted on our first impulse, and gone on that night! We deferred our starting till the next day, however. On reaching the wretched village, we found it in a wild state of consternation and alarm. The body of M. Besancon and his daughter had both disappeared in the night, as the natives and negroes alleged, by some supernatural means.

"Jasper and I, of course, went to work to solve the mystery, in some rational way. There was but one road through the mountains, by which she could have gone, and that road we had just passed over. Her escape, therefore, must have been by water. On inquiry we found there was a rocky island, uninhabited but by sea-fowl, some four miles distant down the coast.

"A pirogue was missing, we were told, from the wharf. We found the owner, a black boy, skulking out of sight, and, by dint of bribes and threats, made him confess that he had helped the young lady carry her father down to the boat at midnight, and had given her oars and a rough pine-box in which to bury him. More he was afraid to do. We set sail for the island at once, and reached it about noon. It was but a low heap of rocks, overgrown with moss and stunted trees, the tide pushing up fretfully on every side. The day was dull and lowering, the wind wet with gusts of rain. The pirogue was anchored on the shore. As we landed, flocks of ill-omened birds rose with harsh, dissonant cry from the reeds. It had all the terrible, breathless effect of a nightmare; and when, after penetrating through the heavy under-brush, we found the girl sitting by a half dug grave, beside which lay her dead; the sight gave me a pang such as no personal grief of my own had ever made known to me. She appeared to be in a stupor with exhaustion of soul and body—watched us dully, without question, as we dug the grave, and reverentially laid the old man in his rough coffin. It was only when Jasper, who had brought a French prayer book, (Jasper is a thoughtful, tender hearted fellow, as you know) began to read the service for the dead, that she began to cry in a womanish fashion, and the tears came at last.

"I must be brief with my story. We brought her back, that night, to Port Antonio, and placed her under the care of a kind Spanish lady, a friend of mine in the old fishing days. A week after, Madame Du Ponte arrived, and carried her away with her to Martinique, where, by this time M. le Maistre will have joined them, and, no doubt, will find her more easily won than before. Weak and helpless as she is from physical debility, and abuse, she would be more than woman to resist a gallant young fellow, who, I believe, sincerely loves her."

In the chorus of exclamations and pity that followed, I looked only at Matthias, who had entered the room unnoticed, as Leonard began to read the letter, and had stood immovable until it was ended, the only silent listener. When the last word was heard, he turned quickly, and left the room.

The next day Leonard announced, at dinner, that Matthias had been summoned away, the evening before, on important business—had spent the night in arranging his books, and had started on the day-light train.

"The most methodical fellow!" he added. "Could leave his accounts at the busiest season, so clearly made out, that a boy could understand them. But what can the business be? I thought he had no kinsfolk, and no friends but ourselves."

Jenny and I glanced at each other, but said nothing.

Just a month from that day, Matthias's red hair and grave, kinuly face appeared, at the usual time, at the door, in the evening.

"I have brought you back an old friend," he said, quietly.

We looked up. Elise stood beside him, a little paler and thinner, but with that new smile in her eyes and on her lips, which only belongs to women who love and are loved. How Madame le Maistre received the tidings of her sister's misalliance, I do not know. But that was years ago.

I do know that, when the scige of Paris was raised, and a committee of prominent American merchants, who were in London at the time, hastened over to see what could be done for the relief of the ruined city, the chief among them was Matthias Lindsay. And the letters which his wife received from her sister, Madame le Comtesse de Pessony, written, as it were, with tears in her eyes, demanding if she knew the value of her noble husband, not at home, but as a man among men, recounting the pride with which Louis had gathered her friends about him, to present to them his American brother.

It was all very pleasant. But I do not believe Mrs. Lindsay learned anything new about her husband, or valued him one whit the more.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

THE FARMER'S HOME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

——Come with me
Down this rude lane ablaze with golden-rod
And fresh with fragrance from the up-turned sod,
To where yon farmhouse lifts its m dest head,
By peace, content and health inhabited.
The tranquil kine reposing in the grass,
Turn dreamy eyes upon us as we pass;
The shy sheep gaze askance, and chanticleer
Disturbs the silence with a lusty cheer
From the far barn yard; sights and sounds are these
To make the saddest cheerful and at ease.
How full the quiet spot of sweet perfumes,
Aromas of fresh grass and clover blooms!
How like a Sabbath stillness or like prayer,
The clois ered calm of this sequestered air!
Anon the swinging scythe perchance is heard;
Anon the sacred Sabbath calm is stirred
By sounding flail or woodman's axe anear,
Re-echoing through the forest sharp and clear;
The dim, old forest, where the children go
A-nutting when the leaves are all aglow
Beneath the frost-king's touch. Such merry routs
The little people tell of thereabouts!
And then the huskings and the apple-bees,
The pleasant picnics underneath the trees—
What city belle can boast such joys as these?

But not outside the modest farm-house dwells
Its sweetest charm; that quiet mood here tells
Of love and trust beneath its humble dome
And all that glads and sanctifies a home.
Here tae good housewife plies her cheerful tasks
From morn to eve, no gift nor guerdon asks,
Save the sweet payment of her husband's smile
And God's dear love and health and strength the while.

Her rosy daughters, not too fine to toil
Their pretty fingers with the marks of toil,
With cheerful patience sew the lengthened seam,
Prepare the meal or churn the yellow cream,
Or lead the toddling baby that essays
Unequal steps about the household ways,
Or hasten to the door when daylight fails
To unburden "father" of his brimming pails.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy father he!
His smoking supper ready, on his knee
The crowing baby, and around his board
Health and content, he well may thank the Lord!

Life has its trials, whatso'er our lot;
But if there be, on God's dear earth, one spot
Cowart from others than on others more lent,
'Tis such a home as this: All sweet content,
All peaceful, heavenly influences meet
To purify, enrich and make it sweet.
Within, without, around it and above,
Good thoughts, like blessed angels, rove and rove.
The very cattle, knee-deep in the brooks,
Have lessons for us in their patient looks;
The silent hills, low stretching far away
The shady hollows, with the lambs at play
In their cool bosoms, the rejoicing rills,
The stubbled, the lonely whip-poor-wills,
The misty glories of the purpling morn,
The night's deep splendor when the stars are born,
The corn up-springing 'neath the sun and rain,
The ripening fruitage and the nodding grain,
The changing seasons as they come and go,
Winter, the pilgrim with his coif of snow,
Spring the sweet charmer, Summer all ablaze
'Neath the rich dower of her meridian days,
And, best of all, glad Autumn blithe and sweet,
Laving her wealth uncounted at our feet!—
Who, living out his peaceful life among
Scenes such as these, more eloquent than tongue
Of priest or prelate, who, if he be wise
To learn the lessons set before his eyes,
But shall imbibe the wisdom they impart,
And win the blessing of the "pure in heart!"

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

There is a passage in Lord Jeffrey's review of Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of a Fashionable Life," in which the great critic describes, with admirable force, the miseries of the fashionable. This wretched hunt after a reputation for fashion, with its constant heart-bearings and defeats, is, he considers, more productive of real misery than the serious calamities of life. This may seem a strong assertion, he adds, but is his deliberate conviction, and his statements on this head are strengthened by the opinions of one fully competent to form just conclusions—*Sir Henry Holland.*

In his recent autobiographical sketch, that celebrated person states that he has known people to be made absolutely ill by their ann xty and disappointment in regard to tickets of admission for Almack's balls in London.

Speaking of fashionable women, the London *Lancet* has lately had some very sound remarks in the same strain. "Fashion," it says, "kills more than toil or sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater trangression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task still lives and grows old, and sees two or three generations of her mistresses pass away. The washerwoman with scarcely a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion pampered women are worthless for all good ends o' life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be fed to order. If they have children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and give them birth, and when reared what are they? What do they amount to but weak scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our good men and women. None of them had a fashionable mother."

NEW MODE OF EXTRACTING TEETH.

Nearly twenty years ago, in one of the Western States, very near the limits of civilization, stood a small village which boasted of several hotels, three or four stores, a blacksmith's shop, a lawyer's office and a doctor's residence, besides a dozen or so log houses. The physician's office was situated at one end of the town; a rude log cabin, with a huge, broad door, over which hung a rude sign, on which was painted, in large letters, the words "Dr. Nutton, Doctor and Physician." Why the sign had painted on it both "physician and doctor," was no doubt from the reason that these words widely differed in their meaning to the unsophisticated mind of the backwoodsman; as in the case of a huge ox driver who entered the town one day and inquired for a physician.

The doctor's office was pointed out to him, when, turning to the speaker, he said, with a look of wisdom: "Tarnation with yer doctor; I've taked a heap of doctor's stuff to kill the ager, but nary a kill it made. I wants a real physician, that's what I wants, and none o'yer humbug!" So you see readers, the sign was really useful, and contained no redundancy to the mind of our friend, the ox driver.

It was a cold, windy day, and the doctor's sign went creaking in the wind, as it blew to and fro. The doctor sat in his office before the fire, his feet elevated above his head and resting on a table, while he was eagerly devouring the contents of one of the weekly newspapers which had reached the village, and which was ravenously read by the population; for nearly the only thing which broke the monotony of the village was the weekly arrival of the mail carrier, who brought all the news the inhabitants ever got, except that which they obtained from an occasional new settler or passing traveler.

Dr. Nutton read on in silence, except for an occasional grumble at the unpleasant weather, when he was suddenly interrupted in his reverie by the unexpected entrance of a great raw-boned Hoosier, who carried in his hand a huge ox-whip, while a large red handkerchief was fastened around his jaw; his pants were tucked in his boots, and he wore a long overcoat which nearly reached the floor.

"Waal, stranger," said the Hoosier, "be you the doctor of this yere place?"

"Yes, sir, I am a physician. Is there anything I can do for you?" replied Nutton.

"You be's a physish? No, sir; I wants a doctor," angrily said the backwoodsman.

"Well," said Dr. Nutton, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "physician and doctor mean the same thing—they are synonyms."

"They're what?" exclaimed the Hoosier.

"Synnams, synnams—what's synnams?"

"Synonyms," said the doctor, "are words which have the same meaning, or nearly the same meaning; thus, doctor and physician are synonyms, for they mean the same."

"They do, eh? Look a here, stranger," continued the Hoosier, grasping the whip tighter and shaking it significantly, "I don't want any of yer foolishness."

"Well, my man," asked the doctor, "what's the matter—any of the folks sick?"

"Waal, no, doc, not zackly; but I've got a tarnation toothache; feels as if it were gwine to split my jaw."

"Wants pulling out," said Nutton.

"Don't know but what she dus; but doc, can't stand it to have her pulled out. I tell yer—I tell yer, doc, it would kill me; the tarnal thing's been aching for nigh three weeks. Couldn't stand it, doc, to have her pulled out at once?"

"But," said the doctor, "it would take me but a short time to pull out the tooth, and then the pain would be all over."

The Hoosier shook his head, and said, as his face brightened up, as a suggestion crossed his mind, "No, doc; but look a here—couldn' yer pull it out by—by—by——"

"Degrees?" suggested the doctor, as he suppressed a smile?"

"That's the word, doc; now could ye pull her out by degrees?"

"I don't know," said Nutton, smiling, though he tried hard to hide it; "but it would," continued he, "hurt you more that way than to pull it out at once."

"Can't stand it to have her pulled out at once; I tell yer, doc, deg-rees is the only way for me."

"But it will hurt you more to pull it out by degrees than it would to pull it out at once; and I do not know whether I can pull it out all, without I pull it out at once."

"I tell yer, doc, by jings, I couldn't no more have that ere tooth pulled out at once, no more'n I could kill an Injin with a fine-tooth comb. No, doc, as I sed afore, deg-rees is the only way for me."

"Well, then," said Nutton, who had made up his mind to draw out the tooth without further ceremony, if he should ever get hold of it; but the Hoosier seemed to divine his purpose, for many times did the physician try to grasp the tooth with his instrument, but all to no avail.

At last the Hoosier declared "that 'ere new-fangled thing to be no account," and wanted to know if the doctor could tie a string around the tooth; for, said he, "that's the way I used to pull 'em out, an' I guess its better'n all yer new-fangled fixin's."

Dr. Nutton, to please him, said he would try, and producing from a drawer a fine strong piece of fish-line, after a great deal of trouble and yells of pain from the Hoosier, it was firmly secured around the tooth. The Hoosier then proposed to fasten the string to the door-knob, which was accordingly done.

The backwoodsman then commenced a series of easy jerks on the line, each of which was followed by yells of pain.

The doctor resumed his seat, and smiled audibly behind his paper, occasionally glancing toward the door; and then turning quickly again to the paper, to hide behind it the convulsions of merriment which crossed his face.

Thus matters stood, until at last the fire burnt low, and Nutton arose to replenish it. As he threw in the wood and stirred the red hot coals into a blaze, a brilliant idea seemed to strike him, for his face shone unusually merry. Arising from the floor, he left the poker in the fire, and seating himself, awaited the change of affairs.

The backwoodsman had relapsed into despondency, for a melancholy expression had settled on his face. He steadily gazed downward, as if he were in deep thought.

The doctor, as I have said before, resumed his seat, but threw aside his paper, and sat looking intently into the fire, with an expression of merriment playing on his features.

Thus he sat for some time. At last, noiselessly arising from his chair, he drew the poker from the fire, one end of which was glowing with a red heat. He suddenly brandished it in the air, and brought it rapidly toward the Hoosier's nose. The backwoodsman threw himself back with a jerk.—The cord did not break, nor the door-knob come out, but the tooth loosened from its roots, and bounded against the door with a click like a bullet.

The doctor "slid" under the table, to escape the wrath to come, while the Hoosier, for the time blinded by the pain, kicked over the chair which the doctor had just vacated, in hopes of punishing him for his joke; but Nutton was safely ensconed under the table. He knocked over everything in his way as he danced around the office, yelling with pain, and at intervals heaping anathemas on the head of the man of medicine.

When the pain had nearly ceased, and the Hoosier had relapsed into silence, the doctor crawled out from under the table, when he was greeted by the Hoosier with, "Hello, doc!"

"Hello! Is the tooth out?" said Nutton with a grin,

"Yes, I guess she bes; but 'twas a tarnation pull, that. But I'm tarnation glad she's out!"

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF UMBRELLAS.—Among the uses to which the umbrella may be put is poking an utter stranger, afflicted with lumbago, in the back, under the impression that he is Smith. It also serves to keep off the rain; first, when it rains; second, when it does not rain. Its uses in the first event are palpable to the most naked eye. The second use may be practically illustrated by taking an umbrella to the city, of a cloudy morning. The inevitable result is that the skies clear up toward eleven o'clock, and you return home in a glare of sunlight and suffocated with dust, bearing with you an umbrella, which convinces all who meet you that you are a little erratic or very shiftless.

☞The Koran does indeed teach and inspire a profound reverence toward God; and it has actually produced among its adherents, and in an eminent degree, that prostration of the soul in the presence of the Supreme Being which becomes rational creatures. But at this point it stops. Moslem humiliation has no tears; and as it does not reach the depth of a heartfelt repentance, so neither is it cheered by that gratitude which springs from the consciousness of pardon. No sluices of sorrow are opened by its devotions; the affections are not softened; there is a feverish heat among the passions, but no moisture. Faith and confidence toward God are bold rather than submissive, and the soul of the believer, basking in the presumption of divine favor, might be compared to the scorched Arabian desert, arid as it is, and unproductive, and liable to be heaved into billows by the hurricane.—*Isaac Taylor.*

☞In a long run, a tried and proved character for truth, honor, and honesty is the best capital, and gives the largest interest.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

APPLES PRESERVED LIKE GINGER.—Peel and cut in quarters enough apples to weigh six pounds; weigh them and take the weight in sugar with half a pound of race ginger; pack the apples in a jar, a layer of apples, then sugar and ginger until all are put in.—Next day bruise an ounce of gin